



# The Grail

JULY, 1932

*University Monachism*

DOM AUGUSTINE WALSH, O. S. B., PH. D.

*A Carnation and its Sequel*

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

*Loyal to Church and State*

CLARENCE F. BURKHART

*Hebe and Honeysuckle*

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

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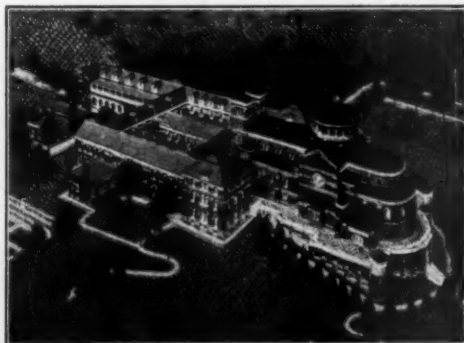
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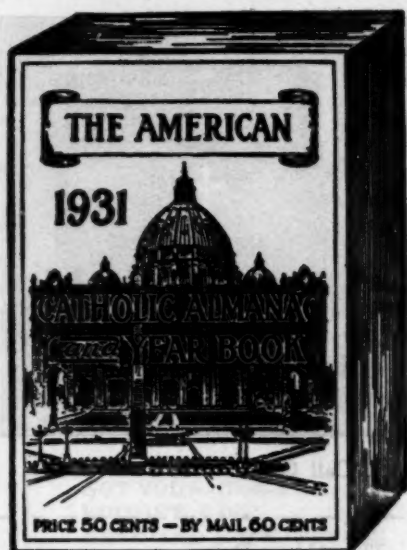
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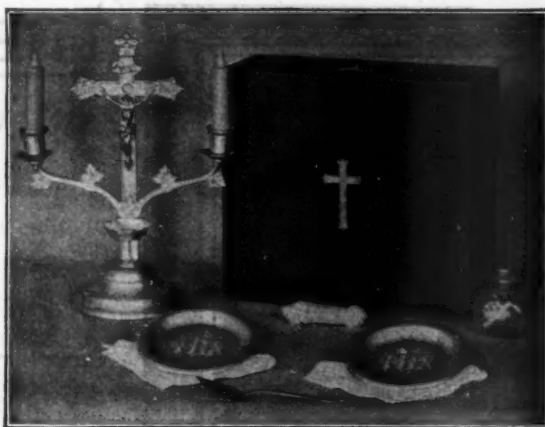
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# The Grail

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## Not Void

My word shall not return unto me void.—Isaiah 55:11.

JESSIE ALLEN-SIPLE

Not void! Then send it forth  
Oh, bells, from out the steeple tower;  
It is not shorn of strength,  
nor of its power:  
Cease not your chimes, let them  
Be heard in crowded street  
Or cloisters dim. His word, not void,  
Will yet return to Him.

Speak out, from press and  
Pulpit stair. Send forth His word,  
In sermon, song, and prayer:  
Prepare the soil,  
That thirsty human hearts  
May in His vineyard grow,  
Assured that harvest time will  
come from what you sow.

Not void! The enemy of souls  
Has sown his seed. For every  
Lovely flower there grows  
an ugly weed.  
But ring, ye chimes, with all  
Your power and art; His word  
Still lives to strive with  
every human heart.

Ring out, at dawn,  
And with the twilight hour;  
Not void, nor vain His truths,  
Ring out! Ring out with power!



## Vocations Flourish where Religion Thrives

The Omaha *True Voice*, in its issue of May 20, 1932, referring to the recent ordination of the Rev. Michael Carroll, O. S. B., at St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, informs its readers that eight priests and fifteen sisters have gone forth from St. Benedict's Church, Kansas City, Kansas, which parish gave Father Carroll to the service of God in the priesthood. Commenting on the numerous vocations that have come from this parish, the *True Voice* says: "That is a record of which any parish may well be proud. As long as vocations are plentiful in a parish we may be sure that religion is flourishing there. The barren parishes from which no priests or religious come, are the ones for whose future there should be some anxiety. There is something wrong where the spirit of self-sacrifice and of generosity toward God is not evidenced by vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. There may be magnificent churches and splendid schools, but if there are no vocations from them, they are only empty monuments to material prosperity."

Another parish with an admirable record is that of St. Michael in the Archdiocese of St. Paul, Minnesota, which has given to the Church thirteen priests and sixty sisters. Among the priests are the names of the late Abbot Peter Engel, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, and Abbot Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., recently installed as Abbot of Richardton Abbey in North Dakota.

Numerous other parishes in our country also make a splendid showing with respect to vocations, while many others seem merely to exist, to mark time. These latter appear to produce no special fruits. However, it must be remembered that man sees only the exterior, God penetrates the interior. The parish may not receive credit for vocations called forth there.

Some priests, apparently models in every regard, whose good intentions can not be called into question, are fearful about mentioning to the young the subject of vocation to the religious life or to the priesthood. They wait for Divine Providence to manifest its will in matters of so great importance. Yet Divine Providence not infrequently employs the priest or the religious in sowing the seeds of vocation. Watered by

divine grace, this seed germinates and puts forth the leaves of hope, if no obstacles are placed in its way.

On the other hand, we have examples of those who are ever on the alert for possible vocations. In May of the present year there died in Chicago a zealous priest who is said to have fostered many vocations. To his credit there are fifteen young men now in the seminary completing their studies for the priesthood; forty others are in the preparatory seminary with the same goal in view. Besides this, he had directed forty-five young women to various sisterhoods. Zeal tempered with prudence bears fruit.

In order to supply the actual need of laborers—priests and brothers and sisters in the service of God, we should heed the injunction of the Savior to pray the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest, for the harvest is great and the laborers are few. "Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:35.

## Two Remarkable Conversions

A missionary in India, writing of two remarkable conversions in that land, says that a missionary recently went to a village which was a stronghold of error. Two women approached him and asked for baptism. In answer to the question why they wished to be baptized, they told the missionary that during the previous night there appeared to them a man of venerable countenance who was clad in white. They beheld themselves in utter darkness with no way out. The apparition bore a lighted torch and urged them to follow him, telling them at the same time that, if they wished to be truly happy, they should follow the right road, become Catholics, and ask for baptism. The missionary showed them some pictures, among which was one of Pius X. "That's the one!" they both exclaimed, "who told us to become Catholics."

## Cheered in Church

Father Michael Phelan, S. J., a noted Irish missionary, died suddenly several months ago. During a mis-

(Continued on page 124)

## Hebe and Honeysuckle

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

### I—BACHELOR SHEEHAN'S COURTSHIP

**M**R. Manus Sheehan is a tremendously decent fellow. I have known, liked, and admired him since I was a baby, so I ought to know. He is a well-set-up, powerfully-built man of close on forty, and he has a somewhat ponderous manner, verging occasionally on the bombastic, but he has the saving grace of humor. He can see a joke with half an eye—what Irishman can not?—and he can tell a rattling good story with the verve and keen enjoyment of the born raconteur; also he is ever ready and willing to help his friends, and he is generous and forgiving to his foes.

True, his foes are very few, for everyone in Carrowduff and for miles round likes Manus, and most men would gladly borrow half a crown to spend in his company.

Well, there is Manus Sheehan for you, jolly and kind-hearted and as ready for a frolic as for a deal; for Manus is shrewd as well as liberal, and on occasion can drive a hard bargain at fair and market, and he knows the value of a young heifer or a prime bullock to a farthing.

A good fellow—a tremendously good fellow—but not the sort of fellow to be the hero of a love story, not the sort of fellow to have cherished a deep and devoted and apparently hopeless affection for years; yet such is the case, and, after all, why not?

Why should not Mr. Manus Sheehan have his little romance, and hope to win a fair young girl's heart and hand. She was not, however, a young girl at the time the romance came to an end. On the contrary, she was a fine foholla of a woman, with a pleasant face, quantities of dark brown hair, and bright eyes. She was, indeed, a trifle too full-blown, a bit too rosy in the cheeks, and too buxom in shape, but once upon a time, they say and tell and relate, she was a dainty slip of a girl, and Manus was crazy about her.

That was eighteen years ago, and so far as

I can see, Manus is still crazy about her, but I will let him tell his story in his own words, as he told it to my sister Corona, and to my cousin Lal O'Donnell, one afternoon in the hall at Carrowduff.

"Well, Missy, you always had a way with you," began Manus, endeavoring to subdue the gruffness of his voice, and regarding the slender white hand Corona had laid upon the rough sleeve of his homespun coat as though it were a precious and wonderful thing. Manus had always been Corona's adoring slave.

"The story—the story is the thing," cried Corona and Lal O'Donnell eagerly. "Hurry up, Manus dear."

Thus adjured, Mr. Sheehan cleared his throat, coughed, looked a trifle shy, and then started his narrative.

"It's years and years ago since myself and Black Denis Hartigan courted Kathleen O'Hara—long before you were born, Missy, eighteen years ago—"

"I will be eighteen next July," interrupted Corona with dignity.

"Will you now?" interjected Mr. Sheehan in a tone of surprise. "Why, it seems only yesterday I protected you from Thady Punch's big gander, when you were a small girl."

Corona again interrupted, this time with heightened color and flashing eyes. She did not like to be reminded of her childish terror.

"That has got nothing to do with the story, Manus. Your digressions are most annoying," she said loftily.

"Quite so, Missy, quite so," agreed Manus, "but the old gander has something to do with my story, for Kathleen was just as much in dread of a gander as yourself, though she ought to have known better than to fear the poor harmless thing, having been born and bred on a farm. Well, agra, we can't help our fears, and one girl is in mortal terror of a gander, and another can't abide a black beetle; another lets a yell out of her at the sight of a tiny, innocent mouse. God bless my soul, but



we are all queer, and it certainly was queer to see Kathleen O'Hara flying from an old gander. She ran like the wind, round the big four-acre field, and in her terror she ran right into my arms, and there she lay panting and sobbing like a frightened baby. I caught her to me with one arm, and with the other I hourooshed the gander, and she laughed and nestled close to me. 'Kitty darling,' says I, 'you won't have any more colloquins with that black-faced boy of the Hartigans?'

"For answer, she just laughed and laughed. I made bold to kiss her roguish mouth. Then she pushed me from her—but in a very friendly fashion—and ran off, still laughing, and I went home as proud as a peacock. Bedad, girls are queer, and the wise man was right when he said: 'favor is deceitful and beauty is vain,' for the very next day old O'Hara himself comes round and says he to me, 'I hear, Manus, my boy, you are courtin' my daughter'—as if all the parish did not know that same.

"Howsoever I was very civil to him, and used plenty of policy, so he winked and says he, 'You are a warm man, Manus, and have a grand tidy farm, and there is not a boy in the barony I'd sooner give my little girl to, but there's young Denis Hartigan—'

"I frowned and interrupted him a trifle curtly, 'Sure, you would never give a pretty, innocent young thing like Kitty to that thunderin' blackguard?' I asked, the hot anger boiling in me.

"Old O'Hara scratched his head.

"'It's this way, Manus,' says he, 'she's a bit high flown and has got crotchety, foolish notions, and her idea is to have a competition. You are to recite a poem of your own, and Denis is to play a tune of his own on the fiddle, and she will choose betwixt you. If she prefers the poetry she will have yourself, but if Denis charms her with his music, he will be the lucky man.'"

"Do you really write poetry, Manus dear?" Corona interrupted in awe-struck tones, gazing at the burly farmer as though he were Yeats or the Post Laureate.

Manus smiled sheepishly as he answered with unassumed modesty: "In Irish, Missy, just a few little verses in the Irish."

"And what verses did you compose in honor

of dark Kathleen?" asked Lal O'Donnell with eager curiosity.

"Bedad, Miss Lal, I just racked my poor head for more nor a week making up a pretty piece of poetry, and when the great day came all the neighbors were gathered together in O'Hara's big barn, seated on benches and stools and looking as though they were at a Feis. I got powerful shy and held back. So Black Hartigan, he steps forward and strings his fiddle, and plays a lot of funny tunes, tunes that made you think of all sorts of things. You seemed to hear the sheep bleating in the field, and little fleecy lambs sporting round them, and you dreamed of buttercups and daisies, and you could almost see the fairies dancing over the flowers, and then it was midnight, and the banshee was moaning and shrieking and the wind howling. It was grand! My blood grew hot and burning as I listened, and then turned to ice in my veins, for I knew my poor little verses were paltry and mean in comparison. Yet, glory be to God, who would have thought Black Denis Hartigan had it in him to play like that? Sure it was wonderful, wonderful! Bedad when I stood up my heart stood still, for there was dead silence; you could hear the ripple of the stream in the field outside, and every eye was fixed on me—"

Mr. Sheehan groaned, and then shaking his huge limbs, stood up. "I made a fine fool of myself," he said unhappily, his rough voice rougher than usual, but with a pathetic quiver in it, then he continued, sighing profoundly.

"Kathleen, she says to me with great good nature, 'your poetry is very pretty, Mr. Sheehan, but I like the music best.'"

Mr. Manus Sheehan was silent for an appreciable space, lost in meditation, and neither Corona nor Lal disturbed his reverie. They watched his heavy face grow heavier, and his deep eyes sadder, and their own bright young faces and merry eyes expressed warmest sympathy.

At last Manus roused himself.

"I'll be goin' now," he said awkwardly. "I'll wish you Good night. Good night and good luck to you, ladies."

He was striding out of the hall when Corona ran after him.

"She is a widow woman now, Manus," she

cried consolingly, "and perhaps she will be glad to listen to the poetry."

Mr. Manus Sheehan shook his head sorrowfully.

"She is a rich woman now, Missy. Black Denis Hartigan made his pile out in California, and left her every penny, and now she has come back to the West County, and has heaps of money, and has bought five farms, good land, and prime cattle to put on the land. She'll be looking higher than poor Manus Sheehan. Good night, and God bless you, Missy, it's yourself has the kind heart, and so has Miss Lal. Good luck and good sonoughers to both of you."

## II—ARTFUL WIDOW HARTIGAN'S WILES

Mrs. Kathleen Hartigan was very well off. The late Denis had developed a genius for money-making out in the States, and had left his widow more money than she quite knew what to do with. For, when all was said and done, her tastes were simple, and except an inordinate love of flashy jewelry, and a passion for showy frocks and frills and gorgeous hats, she had no expensive foibles.

She bought a big farm and a fine house on the Ballytimon Road, formerly known as the Devil's Punchbowl. This name she did not like, so she changed it to Almeda Villa—it was at Almeda, in California, Denis Hartigan had made his pile. She also gave a rather suburban appearance to the solid, unpretending stone house, putting in a couple of bay windows, a glass porch, and a glass verandah. They were pretty in their way, but quite unsuited to the place, and would, doubtless, prove absolutely incapable of withstanding the fierce gales that frequently blew in tempestuously from the Atlantic.

Mr. Manus Sheehan, like many of our West-County folk was a sort of Radical Conservative. He was a red-hot Nationalist, yet, he hated the changing of the old order of things, and he had a great respect and liking for the "real gentry." Consequently, he resented new names being given to old places, and he disliked what he called "jim-crackery and new-fangled notions."

He was slowly sauntering along the Ballytimon Road one afternoon in early May—he was rather fond of sauntering on the Bally-

timon Road of late, and as he walked he recited the "Coolun" in mellow and appreciative accents:

Oh, had you seen the Coolun  
Walking down by the Cuckoo Street  
With the dew of the meadow shining  
On her milk-white, twinkling feet.  
Oh my love is my colleen oge,  
And she dwells in Balnagar,  
And she bears the palm of beauty bright  
From the fairest that in Erin are.

"Is that your own composition, Mr. Sheehan?" enquired a soft voice behind him.

He turned and saw Kathleen Hartigan. She had come noiselessly down a boreen, and she smiled very sweetly into his deep-set, brooding eyes.

"Faith, you ought to know better, Mrs. Hartigan," retorted Manus, with a scathing glance, "Sure, it's one of the most beautiful poems in the world; it's the 'Coolun.' I was cheering my heart with its melodious rhymes and I was thinking of a colleen I loved in the old days:

Oh, my woe it is and my bitter pain,  
And I weep it night and day  
That my Colleen Bawn of my early love  
Is torn from my heart away."

"Is she torn from your heart, Manus?" queried Mrs. Hartigan very sweetly, and she shot a coquettish glance from under her long brown lashes into the farmer's stolid countenance.

"That's what the song says," he parried, and his black eyes twinkled a little.

The widow sighed, she edged closer to him.

"Perhaps you'll see me home, Mr. Sheehan?" she whispered coyly, "and come in and have a cup of tea with me?"

"I'll see you a bit of the way, and maybe to the gate, but no tea for me, thank you kindly all the same."

"A little whisky?" hazarded Mrs. Hartigan.

"No, nor whisky, thank you," he replied gloomily.

They walked on in silence until they were close to the gate.

"Why in thunder did you change the name of the old place?" burst out Mr. Sheehan, no longer able to refrain from airing his grievance.

The widow looked surprised.

"Why should I not change it?" she enquired opening her big eyes.

"No reason in life if it was pleasing to you," replied Manus, doggedly, "but I like the old ways, the old names, and—"

Mrs. Hartigan broke in a trifle sharply:

"I don't like the name of the—the—"

She evidently disliked the name so much that she could not bring herself to pronounce it, or else she considered it an unbecoming word for a well-brought-up lady to use.

"The devil!" laughed Manus, a broad grin of genuine amusement lighting up his massive face, "the deuce you don't! But why not drop the devil and only keep the Punchbowl?"

"Punchbowl!" mused Mrs. Hartigan. "But punch is a vulgar drink, Mr. Sheehan."

Manus grinned, showing his big strong teeth.

"Come in and brew yourself a big glass of it, Manus," coaxed Kathleen Hartigan, with a wheedling glance, "and maybe I'll ask you to give me a thimbleful, well watered and with plenty of sugar."

Mr. Sheehan sighed profoundly, cleared his throat, tapped the ground twice with his stick, and hesitated for an appreciable space then he replied with grim determination:

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hartigan, but, you and I are no longer—"

He stopped at a loss for a word to express his meaning, Kathleen's lovely eyes pleaded mutely, but the farmer resolutely ignored the alluring glance.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Hartigan," he said curtly, and before she could answer he strode quickly away.

She watched his burly figure until a turn in the road hid him, then she too sighed, her brilliant eyes grew hazy and her full red lips tremulous.

"Good old Manus," she whispered, and as she spoke, she laughed in a queer sort of way.

"Sure Denis gave me lashings of everything, but he was a bit of a crank and no mistake, and I had not such a good time with him, humoring his whims and giving in to his queer fancies. Perhaps I was a fool to prefer the music."

### III—TEA AT CARROWDUFF MANOR

Mr. Manus Sheehan's love affair did not

progress with the rapidity Corona Carrow and Lal O'Donnell desired.

Both girls took a wild interest in the romantic. They liked Manus, having known him all their lives, and with their vivid imaginations they guessed that under the excellent farmer's veneer of smug self-complacency, he was really a splendid fellow, hospitable, trustworthy, honest, and kind-hearted. They also divined that beneath her paint and powder, her airs and graces, Kathleen Hartigan was an out-and-out good sort, with a very soft and tender heart, and a loyal and generous soul.

They shrewdly suspected that the handsome widow would be quite willing to smile upon the worthy farmer's suit, if he could only gather his courage in both hands, put his pride behind him, and gallantly make her the offer of his heart and hand, but Manus was shy, unaccountably shy.

Corona did her level best to help on matters, endeavouring to throw them together both in and out of season.

Shortly after their meeting on the Ballytimon Road, Corona, who of course knew all about it—in West County everyone knows everything about everybody else, we take a cordial and helpful interest in each other—well, Corona invited the bashful pair to tea at Carrowduff Manor. Furthermore, she requested Mr. Manus Sheehan to come prepared to recite some of his own poetry in Irish.

Mrs. Hartigan arrived first, driving up with a flourish in her neat little inside trap, a high stepping lively cob between the shafts, but the widow had "hands" and could use them as deftly and successfully in manipulating the ribbons as in making delicious pastry, light bread, and excellent butter.

She wore a Tango silk frock, was decorated with gems and gold galore. A joyous emotion in the shape of a rose-garden toque rested on her glossy dark hair, and a magnificent white ostrich feather boa fell over her finely developed figure. She was a trifle flushed and nervous, but she bluffed like an experienced poker player, and she talked and laughed incessantly.

Mr. Manus Sheehan, when he arrived, selected a chair in a remote corner of the hall. He partook of tea and cake in a very genteel fashion, sipping the beverage slowly, and just



nibbling a piece of homemade jam-roll. He was undoubtedly silent and unobtrusive, and it was with considerable difficulty he was persuaded to recite his latest composition.

"It's splendid, Manus dear!" cried Corona clapping her hands gleefully. "Don't you think it's splendid?" she enquired, turning to Mrs. Hartigan in a marked way.

The widow simpered: "It's very nice indeed, Miss Carrow, but I would prefer to hear a little music. I always did enjoy a lively tune."

She glanced coquettishly at Mr. Manus Sheehan, who grew as red as a turkey cock, the while a heavy scowl weighed down his bushy brows.

The girls noticed his discomfiture and came to the rescue.

"Let's have a little music," they cried simultaneously, and Mrs. Monsell, who was on a visit to the Manor, volunteered to play a waltz.

"Play the 'Butterflies' Dance, Violet," entreated Corona. "It's the jolliest tune you ever heard, Mrs. Hartigan. It's from a musical comedy called 'Hebe and Honeysuckle' and is all the rage in London. Ragtime is not in it with the Butterflies."

"I saw the play at the Royal when I was in Dublin last week," blurted out Mr. Sheehan with an extraordinary glance at the lady of his love, a glance compounded of triumph, decision, and desire—a glance that said as plainly as spoken words:

"I am not the omadhawn you think me, ma'am. I have been to town, and I know a thing or two. Yes, even about your precious music that you think I don't understand."

"'Hebe and Honeysuckle'—what a sweet name!" mused Mrs. Hartigan, not noticing, or pretending not to notice, either the words or the glance. Then she relented. She turned to the farmer with a bewitching smile,

"You used to have such lovely honeysuckle growing on your avenue, Mr. Sheehan," she continued. "I would love to see it over again," and she sighed sentimentally.

"You said you wanted to hear the music," growled Manus, but his gloomy face brightened, and he looked happier.

"Afterwards," she suggested tentatively, with a sunny smile.

"Yes, afterwards," agreed Mr. Sheehan.

Mrs. Monsell had started playing the Butterflies' Dance with great verve and go. It was a waltz that somehow with its haunting melody conveyed a vivid impression of the flutter of light wings, the humming of bees, the scent of eglantine.

"Let us dance," cried Lal O'Donnell, "it's a sin to waste such a ripping waltz."

"Waste!" echoed Corona reproachfully.

Lal's brothers, Billie and Jamsie O'Donnell cleared away the impedimenta, and they were soon whirling round to the intoxicating strains. Mr. Sheehan and Mrs. Hartigan waltzed strenuously, Manus keeping time with a dogged determination not to get out of step. He grew hot and red, beads of perspiration gathered on his brow, and rolled on to his red-brown mustache, but he went on gallantly. Mrs. Hartigan was a trifle winded.

"Stop, Mr. Sheehan!" she gasped, "sure it's yourself can keep the floor against all comers, but I am absolutely exhausted. I am not as young as I was, Manus," she nervously hazarded, using his Christian name, at the same time shooting a coy glance upward; then she sank breathless on to a sofa.

"We are none of us as young as we were," prosaically agreed the obtuse farmer.

The widow tapped the floor impatiently with a shapely massive foot, incongruously shod in a high-heeled Lavalliere shoe much too small. As she did so she made a wry face. Probably the shoe pinched.

"It's yourself looks fine and healthy, Mrs. Hartigan." Manus went on, eyeing her with a queer mixture of suspicion and admiration; "and I hear tell it's the big balance you have at the bank. Sure, you'll be marrying again one of these days, eh! what?"

"And yourself, Mr. Sheehan?" enquired Kathleen with an arch smile.

Manus scowled. "It's not of marrying I'm thinking," he retorted. "Once I'd have given the eyes out of my head to have won the prettiest colleen in West County—faith it was herself was the beauty entirely, and so soft and pleasant like—

Like the berry on the bough, her cheek,  
Bright beauty dwells for ever,  
On her fair neck and ringlets meek,  
Oh, sweeter is her mouth's soft music,



Than the lark or thrush 'at dawn,  
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing,  
Farewell to the setting sun.

"She was lovely and fresh and agreeable, but she would have naught to say to me."

"Do you care for her still?" enquired Mrs. Hartigan with a blending of shyness and audacity.

Manus pursed his lips, and drew his bushy brows together.

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," he replied oracularly, "but she has got too much money. I am not the sort of fellow to go fortune hunting—if she had not a penny or only a few pounds, maybe I might ask her to be Mrs. Manus Sheehan!"

Kathleen rose, she was unwontedly flushed,

and her hands trembled but there was a glad light in her eyes, and her handsome face was radiant.

"Manus dear," she whispered coquettishly, "I think I like the poetry best after all. I don't seem to care for the music. Will you show me the honeysuckle?"

With her eyes fixed on his and with that seraphic look of perfect happiness and trust in them, she gently put her hand on his arm.

"Hebe!" he cried with sudden inspiration, for love quickens the wits of the dullest, and Mr. Manus Sheehan was by no means stupid, "Hebe!" he whispered rapturously, "my own Hebe among the honeysuckles. Come, Mavourneen!"

## Loyal to Church and State

CLARENCE F. BURKHARDT

A WRITER in a current publication speaks of the Church as the "greatest autocratic, intolerant monarchy that ever existed. That which is decreed must be executed, and blind obedience is the command, and not the entreaty."

Despite such blatant appeals to the gallery on the part of its enemies, an unbiased study of history will show that the Catholic Church has always been favorable to civil liberty in the truest sense of the term. Against the natural downward tendency of ideals and morals, it has always reminded its followers that before God, all men are equal. Within its pale, the rich, the mighty, the bourgeoisie and the humble peasant hear the same teachings from her pulpits in reference to man's duties to God, and to his fellowman. It has no esoteric doctrine for those in authority. What other power in this world could exert such a force for social justice? Could human liberty ever have a more able defender than the Church?

In glancing over the achievements of those of her sons who have given particular attention to legislative matters, and who would be expected to reflect the spirit of the Church in such things, one will not be unlikely to overlook

the name of Ludwig Windthorst, German statesman and contemporary of Bismarck. As a boy he was always studious, quick of apprehension, displaying a love for intellectual pursuits, and never allowing himself to be unduly influenced by the spirit of the age. These characteristics remained always with him. In 1836 he established himself as a lawyer at Osnabrück, where his professional ability soon demonstrated itself, and his attitude in religion attracted the confidence of the local clergy. Six years later, through their request, the King of Hanover placed him at the head of the state church and school board. Fulfilling the duties of this office gave him a first hand knowledge of the points of difference, and the friction between most of the local governments in Germany and their Catholic subjects. This experience later proved of inestimable value to him in his championing of the rights of the Church, and the individual citizen.

By the enactment of the Imperial Delegates in 1863, the great majority of German Catholics, who until then had enjoyed a fair measure of spiritual liberty, were made subjects of Protestant states. From then on, they naturally displayed little interest in the rulers thus forced

upon them, especially since the governments seemed inclined to ignore the rights of the Church. To bring about a peaceful adjustment of the situation, a thorough knowledge of the conditions, together with tactful caution were imperative, and through the efforts of Windthorst, such a settlement was made in Hanover. Meanwhile, however, the difficulties in several other German states continued to grow worse, leading finally to the Kulturkampf.

In 1848, when the Revolution in Germany secured, among other things, the restoration of the Hanoverian Constitution, which the king had abolished several years before, Windthorst was elected a member of the Diet. This position gave him the opportunity of exercising his abilities along the lines that eventually made him one of the outstanding figures of modern German history. From the very first, he exhibited great powers in parliamentary combat, and a decided talent in winning others to his viewpoint, as also to the acceptance of his leadership.

It was during this time that the overthrow of absolutism and bureaucracy furnished German statesmen with the problem of properly arranging for the placing of a share of self-government in the hands of the people. In this matter, Windthorst's views coincided generally with those held by the moderate Liberals. Another question then demanding a solution was a *modus operandi* for the founding of a national confederation through the operation of which German unity might be more substantially guaranteed. The Great German Party seemed to him the best agency for bringing this about.

All the while, his importance in the Hanoverian Diet continued to increase, and in the spring of 1851, he was elected president of the chamber, the first Catholic thus honored. At the end of the year, he was appointed Minister of Justice, but this post he filled for only a brief period, as he felt that the king's action in naming him was not entirely constitutional. At the close of 1853, he again resumed his parliamentary activities for the next eight years, at the end of which time, the king again tendered him the ministry which he held until 1865.

Up to this time, Windthorst's operations were confined to Hanover. In 1866 this kingdom was made a Prussian province, and the

following year, the North German Confederation was founded. This change had the effect of widening the scope of his services, and from then on, he was a member of both the Reichstag, and the Prussian Landtag where his peculiar aptitude soon made him a commanding figure. At first he withheld his support from all political parties, but a couple years later, when representatives from southern Germany appeared for the first time in the Reichstag, Windthorst secured a consolidation of the most of these delegates with the particularist Hanoverians, Prussians, and Saxons, for the purpose of defeating a bill of the National Liberals. The victory achieved by this combination resulted in the formation of the Center Party, although he himself did not found it, nor assume its direction at once.

From the beginning of his political activities, Windthorst had always manifested the greatest concern for the welfare of Catholicism, and had always been likewise a dutiful son of the Church, but up to that time, had not yet attained the reputation of being a great Catholic leader. Now, however, he began to take part in Catholic congresses, where the final address was always assigned to him, and through which, he speedily became known as the Church's most able supporter in Germany. In him, the instigators of the Kulturkampf soon recognized their greatest opponent in parliament. In 1874, Mallinckrodt, the president of the Center Party died, and Windthorst succeeded him both as head of the organization, and of the German Catholics.

As early as the fifties, Bismarck and he had crossed political swords, and the differences between the two men continued to widen through the course of events. The iron chancellor's anger knew no bounds when Windthorst joined the Center. The overweening pride of the former made it impossible for him to look with equanimity on Windthorst's continued ascendancy. Another thorn in Bismarck's side was the other's friendliness to the cause of parliamentary government, a thing he feared and hated. He attacked the Church all the more violently therefore, through the Kulturkampf, because of his antipathy for the party that interested itself in her welfare. In his antagonism to this movement, Windthorst succeeded in

making it plain that its measures were not only infringements of the rights of the Church, but also of the Prussian Constitution, and the political ideals of the age.

As leader of the Center, he made himself the protector of all the rights and liberties of the German people, whenever they were threatened or disregarded by the government. In this he assumed an offensive position, ever seeking an extension of these rights. The man of "blood and iron" found in him an able foeman whose judgment was vindicated by Bismarck's abandonment of the Kulturkampf in the eighties.

Windthorst constantly sought an entering wedge for greater electoral support for his party than that which it had for its birthright. For, by the very nature of things, it was forced into the position of an isolated minority because of the extreme bigotry manifested towards Catholics in Germany at that time. New political questions looming on the horizon were the manner of dealing with free trade, and the need of a definite method of securing justice for labor. Gifted with greater vision and foresight than the other political heads, Windthorst saw that these matters were beginning to command a constantly increasing interest on the part of the German people, and the end of 1876 found him grappling with the problems. Three years later, the Center constituted the deciding factor in the adoption of a protective tariff, and a little later, of laws for the protection of labor, including workmen's insurance. From its former weak position, it now became an active influential part of the majority.

The economic phases of politics never prevented the Center from giving adequate attention to the interests of the Church. It was the power which it developed in the eighties that forced Bismarck to "go to Canossa." Windthorst was greatly disappointed at his failure to secure the passage of just and equitable school laws, but this struggle had to be left to the future. In 1890, he was instrumental in founding the People's Union for Catholic Germany, the object of which was to train Catholic men in apologetics, sociology, economics, and politics.

As great a champion of the Church as he was, he at all times maintained an attitude of

strict independence in all matters of a temporal nature. This was particularly evidenced when in the later eighties, Bismarck sought the Pope's influence over the Center for the purpose of securing its support for one of his measures. Windthorst, however, repudiated the suggestions from Rome, and succeeded in justifying his actions in the eyes of all. Though his position was one of influence, he died poor, and after his death, political friends and enemies were unanimous in their recognition of his ability, honesty of motive, and patriotism.

His body now rests in the beautiful Church of the Blessed Virgin at Hanover. This structure was erected with the funds given him by admirers in acknowledgment of his generous services to God and country.

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Hard-heartedness alone can make us a constant enemy of God, since He willingly calls us to Himself.

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The divine judgment will deal severely with those people who neglect Sunday Mass without sufficient reason.

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Christ in the Eucharist is a patent example of patience in the face of neglect and contempt.

### *Sonnets of Holy Mass*

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

#### *The Credo*

The organ hath sounded a mighty peal  
To echo our belief in the ONE GOD;  
And as we join in with one voice, we feel  
A secret throbbing of the very sod.

There stand the faithful 'neath the vaulted nave,  
Like forest trees beneath the heaven's blue,  
All featly ranged in a phalanx brave,  
And knit together in communion true.

Lo! side by side rise to cathedral height  
The lordly pines in Elk Creek Canyon,  
And each in each their roots fraternal twine:

So let us stalwart be through the sweet night  
Of Holy Mass's fellowship divine,  
Till hand grip hand for Catholic Action!

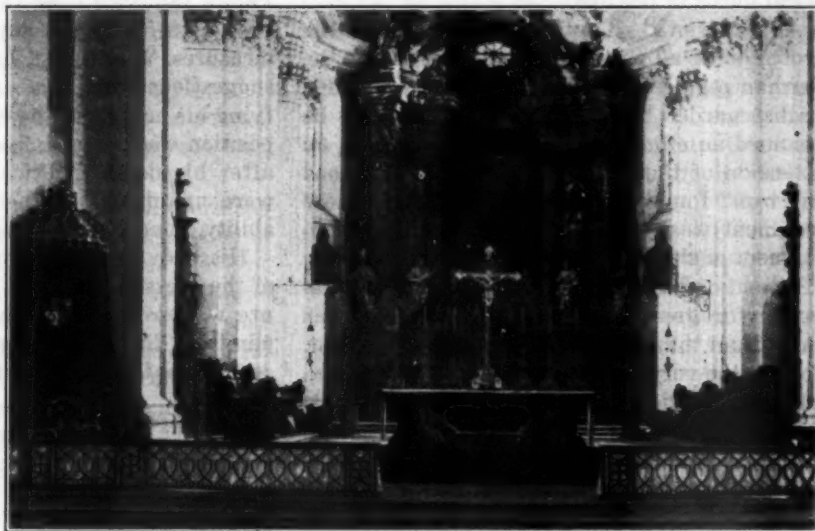


## *The New High Altar at Weingarten*

In the March number of THE GRAIL the "Notes of Interest" contained a reference to the new high altar in the great Abbey Church at Weingarten in Wuerttemberg. This month we present herewith a picture of the sanctuary of the church with its new altar and the monks' choir to the rear. To the left in the sanctuary can be seen the abbatial throne which is used for pontifical functions.

To right and left on either side back of the altar are the choir stalls. Here the monks chant the Divine Office and sing the praises of God at stated times from the early hours of the morning to the close of day. Divine service St. Benedict calls the "Work of God," and he prescribes that his monks perform this work of God in choir at the hours appointed. He orders that the divine service should take precedence over everything else: "Let nothing be preferred to the work of God," he insists.

Beyond the choir in the picture may be seen the tracery of the large gilt iron screen that formerly separated the sanctuary with the choir from the congregation, which assembles in the nave of the church before the altar. The reliquary with the relic of the Precious Blood, Weingarten's most hallowed treasure, is placed within the oval in front of the altar where it is visible to all. The removal of the screen, according to our informant, makes the church more strikingly spacious, and the new altar, as a central place of Sacrifice, renders High Mass far more imposing. The altar was dedicated by Abbot Coadjutor Michael of Weingarten, who had strenuously worked to bring these great improvements about. On Nov. 8th,



NEW HIGH ALTAR IN WEINGARTEN ABBEY CHURCH  
ABBOT'S THRONE AT LEFT—MONKS' CHOIR BACK OF ALTAR

the day of the dedication the "Common of the Mass" was sung by some 400 trained parishioners, alternating with the monks' and boys' choir. So impressive was the effect that the Christmas midnight Mass was broadcast throughout Germany and Switzerland and was well heard in France and England.—This liturgical propaganda is an undertaking that goes parallel with a Catholic-action movement for the bettering of Catholic education, which Abbot Michael is one of the first to promote far and wide in Germany.

The Bread of Angels is not a breakfast food; yet some receive it with as much haste and lack of forethought as they swallow their morning cereal.

### *A Wish*

RUSSELL GINGLES

Would I were a winding river,  
In the sunlight's warmth I'd shimmer.  
Slipping past green mossy banks,  
Face upturned to God in thanks.  
Tranquil, never bowed with care,  
Humble as though knelt in prayer.



# Leaves from a Pilgrim's Journal

NANCY BUCKLEY

## THE LAST ABODE OF ST. IGNATIUS

MANY, indeed, are the places of interest in the Eternal City, but few can claim the attraction that attaches to the rooms which were Saint Ignatius' last abode, and which were hallowed by the closing years of his holy life and by his blessed death.

The present residence of the Gesu was begun by Cardinal Farnese in 1599 and finished in 1623. It stands partly on the site of the house where Saint Ignatius lived; partly on ground bought by the Saint and by Saint Francis Borgia. The rooms of Saint Ignatius, just as they were in his time, were reverently preserved in building the new house.

The rooms, three in number, are now used as chapels. They are poor, narrow, and dimly lighted and the ceilings are so low that the visitor can touch them with his hand. The first room was the oratory and reception room of the Saint; the second, his waiting room; the third, his study and private room; the fourth was used by the lay brother attendant. The walls, the doors, the brick floors, the wooden ceilings are just the same as when Saint Ignatius lived in them.

Over the door leading to the rooms is written:

Here

Saint Ignatius died:

Saint Philip Neri frequently visited Saint Ignatius:  
Saint Francis Borgia died:

Saint Charles Borromeo said his second Mass:

Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus entered the Society:

Saint Francis de Sales frequently retired to pray.

The thoughts that crowd into the mind and heart of the pilgrim as he crosses the threshold is, that in these poor rooms lived and died the great Saint who stemmed the tide of heresy; who kindled the light of faith in heathen land; and who founded the great Society for the defense of the Church. It was here that he knelt in prayer—that he conversed with the gentle

Saint Philip, Saint Francis Borgia, and other great servants of God—it was here that he received the letters of the heroic Saint Francis Xavier.

The visitor enters the first room of the Saint—his oratory and reception room. The events that occurred in this room make it one of the most remarkable sanctuaries in Rome. Various inscriptions and pictures tell the visitor that "On this spot died Saint Ignatius of Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus, on July 31, 1556, age 65 years"; "On this same spot died Saint Francis Borgia, third General of the Society, on October 1, 1572, aged 62 years"; "in this room Saint Ignatius received frequent visits from Saint Philip Neri"; "in this spot Saint Ignatius used to kneel at prayer"; "here the Three Divine Persons frequently appeared to Saint Ignatius while offering the Divine Sacrifice." Many other wonderful events occurred in this room.

The second room of the Saint is the waiting room. From the window Saint Ignatius could see the garden of the original house. A portrait of the Saint over the fireplace is considered to be of value.

In the third room of the Saint, his study and private room, is the place where he received from the Blessed Trinity extraordinary lights concerning his Society; it was here that the Blessed Mother of God approved of the Constitutions of the Society.

Such are some of the holy memories attached to these rooms. The visitor seems to sense the fragrance of the Saint's prayers, and to feel visibly his protection. No wonder that countless graces have been won here through his intercession.

## ARS—IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF A SAINT

The charming but out-of-the-way village of Ars, about three hours from Lyons, has an especial attraction for the modern pilgrim, for in May, 1925, Pius XI bestowed the honors of canonization on one of its former pastors, the

Blessed John Vianney, known and loved the world over as the Curé of Ars.

The moment I entered Ars I felt everywhere the presence of this man of God: in the church where he spent almost the whole of his priestly life; in the old presbytery where he lived in most abject poverty; in the narrow streets where he went swiftly in the search for souls; in the orphanage where he worked miracles—everywhere the saintly Curé has left the imprint of his heroic labors.

A brief resumé of his life will be of interest. He was born in 1786 at Dardilly, a village not far from Lyons. His parents were simple peasants, but rich in faith and in the fear of God. The first years of his life were passed in the spirit of prayer, and at an early age he made known his desire to be a priest. After many difficulties he was admitted to the Seminary, but here his vocation was put to a severe test. Latin was his great stumbling block and had it not been for the influence of his life long friend, the saintly Abbé Balley, he would have been sent home as unable to master the knowledge required for an aspirant to holy orders.

But his application, his diligence, his exemplary conduct outweighed his poor memory—so in August 1815 he was ordained priest and for three years remained at Ecully as assistant to Abbé Balley. On the death of that good priest he was made parish priest at Ars, a small village numbering about three hundred souls: "Go, my friend," said his superior, "there is but little of the love of God there, but you will enkindle it!"

His field of labor was full of difficulties and barren of hope—in fact it might be called a spiritual wilderness. The people had forgotten the way to church and were living easy-going and careless lives. When the saintly Curé first saw the beautiful little village of Ars, he knelt down to ask God's blessing on his work. A shepherd lad whom he had met on the road pointed out the way to him. "Thank you, my son," the Curé said, "you have shown me the way to Ars; I will show you the way to Heaven!" As indeed he did, preaching to them by the example of a saintly life; by his penance; his fasting; his unbounded charity; his love for sinners. The fatherly interest he took in all things concerning his flock could not help

but touch their hearts and make them say truly that God had sent an angel from Heaven to them.

His order of life was so extraordinary, his ability to sustain such severe mortification for forty years, was one of the greatest marvels of his history. He spent eighteen hours a day in the confessional for twenty years without a break, helping souls. He has been well named the Martyr of the Confessional.

Naturally as I approached the village and came to the crossroads where the statue of Saint Philomena points the way to the church, my heart was aglow with the thought that on this soil a saint had walked, that here he lived for God and for poor sinners, that from this small village his apostolate radiates to all parts of the world. So vivid is the impression of his presence at Ars that I half expected to see his small thin figure appear at every corner.

By a very happy arrangement the old church, hallowed by the long years of the Curé's most fruitful ministry, has been left intact and forms a corridor leading to the beautiful Byzantine basilica erected in recent years.

As I entered I was deeply moved at the contrast between the poverty and the simplicity of the little church and the splendor of the Basilica. As I dazed at the rude confessional worn with the years of use where the Curé spent sixteen to eighteen hours daily, I thought of the blessed words of forgiveness, of counsel, of courage, that had been given there, of the consolation and of the peace poured as healing oil over the heads of the sinners by the Curé's saintly hands.

In the most beautiful chapel of the Basilica the sacred remains of the Saint are enshrined. I gazed with reverence upon them. The body is whole and entire, only the flesh is slightly mummified, the skin being of a dark yellowish appearance. Because of this the face is covered with a wax mask of perfect moulding, reproducing with fidelity the patient and heavenly expression of his countenance. Through the crystal of the reliquary the Saint is seen lying, vested in cassock, cotta and stole, peacefully at rest after the burden and the heat of his long day of ministry.

It was difficult for me to take my eyes from the mortal image of this heroic shepherd of his

flock, this ardent and devoted follower of the Crucified.

The exquisite stained glass windows adorning the different chapels eloquently tell the wonderful story of this heroic priest of the most High God.

I next visited the presbytery, the little house where the Curé lived alone. Just the same as he left it—so I saw it. His poor clothes, the plain furniture, the hard bed, the array of instruments of penance, the chain of discipline. . . . What a price he paid for the heroic sanctity which gave him such a power over the hearts of sinners!

The other interesting place I visited was the home for orphan girls established by the Curé,

and called La Providence. Rightly named, for often Providence filled the empty flour bin and increased the corn at the prayerful request of the servant of God.

I wandered up and down the little narrow streets, pondering over the lessons that the Curé of Ars is still teaching the world to-day.

The sun was setting as I took the motor for Villefranche, five miles distant. Reluctantly I said good-bye, regretfully I glanced back until a turn in the road hid the spire of the Basilica. But the hallowed memories of that visit, the deep love and veneration of the saintly Curé in whose footprints I had been privileged to walk, are among the imperishable souvenirs of my European tour.

## University Monachism

DOM AUGUSTINE WALSH, O. S. B., PH. D.

(Regent of the Seminary, The Catholic University of America)

SINCE the sixth century, the name of monk has been linked with that of school. The rise of the universities in the Middle Ages was in no small measure due to the foundations laid by the monastic schools. Yet there has never been a distinctly Benedictine University; there were great monastic schools, such as Chartres and Fulda, but no such institution as Paris, Bologna, Padua or Oxford. Chartres, more than any other, showed the monastic influence; and we find there, not only scholars and philosophers, but craftsmen and students of experimental science and nature in all its phases. At the present time, there is no distinctly Benedictine University in the proper sense of the terms; in Pekin, China, such an undertaking is under way, with every prospect of eventual success. We do, however, find great Benedictine schools; they are confined, however, to some single line of endeavor, such as divinity, arts, or history, or they are colleges or seminaries. But near several great Universities, under their shadow, as it were, Benedictine foundations have been made. They were the first to come to Oxford, after the Catholic Revival in England; Mont César has been for

many years a Belgian Abbey near Louvain, and St. Anselm's Priory began its work near the Catholic University of America in 1924. Benedictine students had been sent to the Catholic University of America long before this, and they continue to be sent from the great Abbeys of the United States in ever increasing numbers.

The growth of Benedictine schools, colleges and seminaries has necessitated an ever larger number of teachers. These men require preparation; many of them must possess the Master's and the Doctor's degrees. As far as possible, the Right Reverend Abbots have sought to send their students to Catholic institutions for these degrees. The expansion of the opportunities for graduate work at Washington now makes it possible for advanced study to be done there in almost every field. Washington has become a center of learning; the libraries, the scientific collections, the experimental work carried on by the various departments of the Federal Government, produce an ideal situation for those who are seeking the best that American culture affords. The faculty of the Catholic University is itself a great body



of men; they represent almost every type of scholarship and are far and away the most productive group in various lines of research which the Catholic Church in America possesses. Among them we find members of the laity, devoting their lives to the advance of knowledge and the training of their students; priests from various parts of the country, eminent for learning, not only in the ecclesiastical sciences, but in law, anthropology, biology, psychology and other sciences. The religious orders have many men upon the faculty; of these, four are Benedictines from St. Anselm's, while other Benedictines give special courses, especially in the Summer School. Father Colman Farrell, O. S. B., may be said to be the prime mover in the library courses given during the summer.

In the volume entitled "A Decade of Research at the Catholic University," published by the Survey Council, we find the names of some thirty-five Benedictine Fathers who have contributed original dissertations or other special works of research. They have been engaged in a wide range of subjects. We find contributions in Chemistry, Education, English Language and Literature, Psychology, Sociology, Greek and Latin, History, Mathematics, Philosophy, Physics, besides Canon Law and the Sacred Sciences. In Latin and Greek, the Benedictine contribution has been especially distinguished; the work in St. Augustine and in some of the Greek Fathers has won international recognition. Among the Abbots, we find that the Right Reverend Edward Burgert, now Abbot of Subiaco, majored in English Literature. Of the teaching staff of the University, the Professor of Psychology, the Regent of the Seminary, the professor of Botany, who also has charge of the grounds of the University, and one instructor in the Department of Psychology, are Benedictines.

It was a Benedictine nun who for the first time broke the tradition against admitting women into the Graduate School. The result has been that not only have Sisters been allowed to enroll, but the Graduate School has been opened for women generally, to the great advantage of many who were seeking to obtain their higher degrees from a Catholic Institution. The admission of this first Sister was ac-

cidental; it was not noticed on her application that she was a nun, and permission was granted her to enroll. When her status was discovered, the authorities decided to stand by their action, with the result which we have described. Now no year goes by that does not see the doctorate conferred upon some of the Sisters; among the dissertations accepted, we find many by Benedictine Sisters. This marks a distinct step forward; it will not be many years before we find a steady output of writing and scientific research issuing from the convents of the nuns. In fact, it is so already; historical and other works have been written by nuns of a kind to command the attention of the entire world of scholars.

It goes without saying that the University is happy in doing this service; it is for this purpose that it exists. Our schools are profiting as a consequence of the existence of the Catholic University. Through them our whole Catholic life is formed and developed. It stands at the peak of our school system, and its influence reaches to the foundations. "When you support the Catholic University," said Archbishop Stritch, of Milwaukee, "you are lending support to 11,463 young women who are being trained in Catholic colleges for women by University Alumnae, to 53,727 young men who are enrolled where Catholic University Alumni are teaching, to 3,335 Catholic Seminarians who are being prepared for the priesthood by Catholic University Alumni and to over 1,000,000 children in parochial schools who are receiving part instruction from those trained at the University." There are no statistics available to show the number of students in Benedictine schools, who are receiving part instruction from men and women trained at the University; we are safe in saying that over half the students under Benedictine care at one time or another in their course are in classes taught by former students of the University. The place and work of the University in American life will be better understood and recognized as these facts become known; more than we have realized, the Catholic University has had an influence which has permeated the educational system not only of the diocesan schools, but those of religious orders as well.

*(Continued on page 122)*



## A Carnation and its Sequel

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

WHEN the mulberry leaves thickened, and the sky became an endless depth of indigo-blue atmosphere above the Emilian Golli, Margherita would sing gay "stornelli" while picking the moist-green leaves that went to fatten the silk worms of the Contessa Luci.

Oh flowers of Almond,  
With small hearts of gold,  
Who shall love Margherita  
When she is gray and old?

Sang the girl's clear voice. And from the adjoining field Tomaso would pull at his team of oxen and answer in his mellow tenor that mingled with the wind that went to ruffle Margherita's brown hair:

Oh, bloom of pansy,  
With the pensive eyes,  
Weep you for me—  
If my love fades and dies!

The girls perched on top of the sturdy mulberry trees whispered, laughed, and winked as they crammed the green leaves into the bulging bags swung about their shoulders. Tomaso and Margherita were to wed at harvest time when the grapes hung purple on the vines, and the "Tarantella" was danced beneath the watchful eye of the moon.

A red handkerchief for her hair, a red carnation for his shirt, that is all that was needed to make festive the attire of Tomaso and Margherita when they walked over the country road laughing with the wind, the flash of love in their eyes and the pulsing staccato of young hearts in their breasts.

One night the laughter of Margherita and Tomaso was heard by Don Luci, as he was returning home on horseback. He heard it and paused, his eyes piercing the darkness, where the white waist of Margherita, made a white splash in the moonlight, as she leaned on Tomaso's arm laughing and stumbling along on the loose stones.

From the shadow of a tree Don Luci saw Margherita in the moonlight and his lips puck-

ered. Margherita was easy to look upon with moonbeams in her hair and love making her eyes sparkle.

Luci watched the couple melt into the shadows then he pulled at the horse's reins and went on his way—meditatively. He was the son of Margherita's mistress, come for a visit to his mother. On the morrow he would find out about that girl and then the dull edge of his vacation would have sharpened.

One week later the sun shone brightly over the "campagna" sending fancy patterns of light and shadows through the mulberry leaves. The sun beams pranced upon Margherita's hair and throat as she looked up singing, but the clear tenor of Tomaso did not answer. For he had shut his ears to Margherita's song, since Don Luci had started honoring her with his attention.

Beneath the mulberry whereon the girl sang, Don Luci stood leisurely smoking a cigarette looking up at the girl. Luci had never been denied what he had wanted to humor his whims. And he wanted Margherita to help him while away the tedium of the summer hours and now he could look upon her and say, "Sing a 'stornello' for me Margherita!" and she would sing. Margherita felt flattered. What if Tomaso had stepped aside? She could not be rude to Don Luci. For half a century the Luci family had been the masters of her grandfathers and her father, she could not be rude. Of course not, if the master wished her to sing for him she had to sing; and if he asked her, "May I walk home with you?" she would walk with him. No harm in it. Of course the girls whispered but they were envious—that's what, and Tomaso was jealous too.

One night he had met her at the crossroad after Don Luci had left her. "I want to speak to you Margherita. I must," he had told her, his face pale in the moonlight.

Margherita had made as if to run toward her house, fearing Don Luci might turn and see her speaking with Tomaso, but Tomaso had taken

her roughly by the arm saying, "You must hear me!" And he had held her there in the moonlight, staring down at her, his eyes wide, and before she could talk, "Margherita," he had breathed in her face, "is he going to marry you? Is he?"

And she laughing, "Why no, of course not, you jealous one!"

"I am not jealous," he declared. "But folks are talking. He is only playing with you. Soon he will leave here, I don't want him to go away taking your heart—and your good name with him!"

"My good name?" she had flashed at him. "Who are *you* to insult a gentleman and me? You go your way, and I'll go mine!" And she had run from him to her house and slammed the door shut.

Now, as Margherita sang to Don Luci, seeming carefree and joyous, she was worried. Yes, very, for, try as she might, she could not banish Tomaso from her thoughts.

A girl must have entered his life. A girl whom he went to see every night for Margherita saw him pass her home going down the road walking like one who is not in a hurry, but who has a goal before him. And always, always, he wore a bloom in his buttonhole the Love Flower such as he had worn when he came to call on her. The flower which he gave her, "to remember me by," before leaving Margherita at her door. Now, when she saw him come back at night, twice in the moonlight Margherita had seen that he wore no flower. What did she care? She herself had told him, "You go your way, I go mine."

Why did she sing melancholy "stornellos" now? Was she not happy? She should have been, with Don Luci looking up at her with that adoring look tucked away in the corner of his eyes.

"To-night I'll follow him. I want to see the girl he has chosen to make him forget *me*!" Margherita had made up her mind, she was going to say good-bye to Don Luci early to-night, then follow Tomaso to see where he was going.

And that dusk when Don Luci took her home and asked her to meet him after sunset, Margherita said, "I'll not see you to-night, Don Luci, not to-night!" And she ran away.

Don Luci had shrugged his shoulders. Women and children had to be humored. He'd see Margherita on the morrow. Soon he would be leaving, but he'd not say good-bye. No need to. He hated to see women shed tears, and Margherita might cry. He'd send her a new dress from Rome, that would have dried her tears.

Don Luci gone, Margherita stood beside her window watching for Tomaso. Dusk was falling in purple veils. Margherita was sorry Tomaso had so easily taken her advice to "go his way." It had not taken him long to find consolation in a new love.

Suddenly she saw him coming down the road. He did not even look at her house in passing. As Tomaso melted into the shadows Margherita ran out of the house and rushed past the old wall guardedly, following Tomaso down the road, close to the green edge. On and on she followed—passed the corn fields, the cherry orchard, the almond trees and the walnut grove.

This girl of Tomaso's lived far. Down a path now, flanked by tall poplars. The poplars rose gauntly in the night, their arms held high. Suddenly Tomaso's shadow disappeared right where the mulberry grove began, there were no houses near. Where could he have gone? Margherita walked aimlessly about stopping to look through the moonlit patterns of light and shadows. Fireflies snuffed and rose about her. And then she saw him close beside her. Her right hand pressed to her heart, the girl leaned against a tree, looking on the scene before her.

Tomaso was a few feet from her kneeling at the foot of the old mulberry against whose trunk had been nailed the little carved Madonna the natives called the Madonna of the Mulberries.

The crudely fashioned image had been placed there by some pious hand as a reminder of love to the passer-by. Rain and sun had faded the little statue but it had withstood the weather. A tree trunk lay at the foot of the tree. On that trunk old women and children occasionally knelt to make the sign of the cross as they passed by.

Tomaso was kneeling on the trunk, his face  
(Continued on page 119)

## Founder of Last of Thirteen Colonies

MRS. NELSON C. WOODWARD

**A**MONG the many interesting and historic cities of the South, Savannah, the birthplace of Georgia, located on the banks of the Savannah River about eighteen miles from the sea, holds high place, for this old town is not only rich in memorials of colonial days and Revolutionary times, but its nineteenth century traditions are also carefully preserved.

The "Forest City," as Savannah is often called, because of the great moss-hung oaks, magnolia, and palmetto trees, which shade so abundantly the lovely wide streets, bears the distinction of having more well-kept parks than any other city in the world. And this must be true, for at nearly every street corner there is a lovely little green square, made doubly charming by winding walks, playing fountains and beautiful flowers.

And almost every one of these lovely little parks contain some memorial connected with the history of this famous southern city. There is noted old Christ Church, organized by George Whitefield in 1743 and of which John Wesley later was rector. In Johnson Square is the monument erected to the memory of Nathanael Greene, the Quaker general of the Revolution, whose body with that of his eldest son, lie buried beneath. The corner stone of this memorial was laid by Gen. Lafayette during his last famous visit to America, as was the monument to Count Pulaski, the Polish hero, which stands in an adjoining square.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean was the "City of Savannah," which sailed from that port May 20, 1819, and landed in Liverpool just one month later. It was in the vicinity of this same city of Savannah that Eli Whitney, a native of New England, made the first cotton gin, an invention that revolutionized the southland and made cotton the king of industry.

In the center of Chippewa Square is the handsome memorial erected by the citizens of Savannah and the State of Georgia to the founder of the historic old city. This heroic

bronze statue is the work of Daniel Chester French, the base and setting having been designed by the late Henry Bacon. It is a fine work of art, and attracts the admiration of all strangers to the city.

With the founding of Savannah, the last of the thirteen original colonies came into existence, and how this was brought about has an interesting story all its own.

It was early in the eighteenth century that James Edward Oglethorpe, a man of wealth and position in England, was searching for a missing friend. After days of fruitless endeavor, he decided to go to the debtor's prison, and there, amid the vilest surroundings, he



OGLETHORPE MONUMENT





GRAVE OF TOMO-CHI-CHI

found his unfortunate friend dying of small-pox contracted in the loathsome place.

Then and there James Edward Oglethorpe decided that he was going to do all in his power to make life easier and happier for just such men as his friend, whose only crime was the fact that he had been unfortunate and unable to pay his debts. His thoughts turned toward America, where William Penn, the gentle Quaker, had gone with his oppressed people to seek a haven. And at length he, too, had secured a grant of lands, King George II being more interested in the thought of establishing another colony than in the plan to help the poor debtors of his country.

Soon thereafter a colony of one hundred and twenty persons were taken from their dark, narrow environment, and with their leader sailed from England in November of 1732 for the free land in the New World. A voyage in those days was a long, tedious journey, and it was well into February when the little vessels, with their cargo of starved, eager souls, sailed

up the Savannah River, and after some explorations, decided that the picturesque spot near the mouth of the river would be an ideal spot for their settlement.

So their tents were pitched, and Savannah had its beginning, the colony being named for George II, the town and river getting their name from the "Sawannos," a tribe of Indians living in the vicinity. On Bay Street, just west of the City Hall, there stands to-day a crescent-shaped granite seat to commemorate the spot where Gen. Oglethorpe pitched his tent and rested at the close of his first day in the place, which was destined to become an interesting and famous city of the New World.

And what a wonderful refuge it proved for the poor debtors, whose last home in England had been a loathsome prison cell! Until recently Savannah, with the exception of Washington, D. C., bore the unique distinction of being the only city in the United States which was planned before being built. For immediately following their arrival, Gen. Oglethorpe, with the assistance of Col. Bull, after whom the principal thoroughfare of the old city was named, began to lay out the streets and squares, and before many months a beautiful little village began to rise among the pine trees.

In an adjoining square to the one containing the bronze statue of Gen. Oglethorpe, is another handsome memorial to the memory of that loyal and splendid friend of the colonists from the very day of their landing in America—Chief Tomo-chi-chi. This memorial consists of a huge granite boulder, bearing in its center a bronze plate, which reads:

"In memory of Tomo-chi-chi, Mico of the Yamacraws, the companion of Oglethorpe and the friend and ally of the colony of Georgia."

This famous Indian chieftain was over ninety years old when Gen. Oglethorpe and his poor debtors came to Georgia, but in spite of advanced age his influence and wise counsel was of great help to the colonists, and when the aged warrior passed away October 5, 1739, he was buried with military honors, Gen. Oglethorpe acting as one of the pall bearers. The boulder which marks his last resting place was brought from the mountains of North Georgia, and is indeed a fitting picture of the character of the noted Indian chief, and attracts the at-



tention of many who pass through this lovely little square.

### *A Carnation and its Sequel*

(Continued from page 116)

uplifted. Margherita waited, perhaps Tomaso had just stopped to say a prayer and he would soon go on his way. But Tomaso knelt there his head bowed. Margherita saw Tomaso's shoulder heave in the moonlight, was he crying? And now what was he doing? He was taking the Love Flower from the coat lapel of his coat and placing it before the little Madonna—he was standing head bowed, making the sign of the cross—He was turning—going back as he had come.

He passed so close to Margherita she could have touched him. "Tomaso!" it was she whispering his name.

Tomaso turned. "Margherita!" he said, and he took a step forward. "What are you doing here?" and he stared at her somberly.

"I followed you, Tomaso," said the girl and she did not dare say more.

"Why, Margherita, why?"

Something rose in Margherita's heart. Her fingers closed above the hand he held out to her. "I wanted to know to whom you were bringing the Love Flower," she confessed, impulsively sinking her head on his shoulder.

When Tomaso felt her sobbing against his heart he told her all. "Margherita, I come here

every night to pray Our Lady to unite us. She never refuses our prayers, and I knew that if what I asked was the best for you—for me—Our Lady of the Mulberries would have brought us together—and she has—Margherita—she has!"

And Margherita sobbing. "Yes, Tomaso, she—she has—"

The moon rose slowly across the Emilian sky and the "stradone" was a ribbon of moonlight unfurling toward a bright to-morrow as Margherita and Tomaso walked slowly homeward, arms entwined their voices merging into the twisting tune of a "stornello" with a hope in it.

### *To the Poet-Priest of the South*

*The Rev. Abram J. Ryan*

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Singer of songs to soothe men's souls  
Poet-Priest of the far away!  
From thy heavenly home wilt deign to hear  
The tribute we bring to-day.  
Down through the years hath thy melodies cheered  
Young and old, the solemn, the gay—  
Easing each heart with thy sacred art  
Whether wearing the blue or the gray.

Dreamer of dreams! In thy mystic songs  
Thou hast visioned the unknown heights,  
As well as the depths of man's despair  
Bringing peace and celestial delights.  
We honor thy memory here, and now—  
None other shall ever be  
In songs or dreams as dear as thou,  
Poet-Priest for eternity!

## *Spiritual Conferences for College Men*

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

FROM a study of the divisions of the Mass in St. Andrew's *Missal* students learn to make acts of self-surrender, the oblation of love, at the Offertory. At the thirteenth station they ask to be prevented from assuming wrongful attitudes and beg to be taken from wrong positions they have taken. Many are the specific instances of denial of self which one might collect from written papers from day to day.

There is the student who goes to confession the night before because he much prefers going the next morning; another signs the Adoration List twice because human respect threatened to prevent his signing once. A youth who planned during the Christmas holidays to review the text in physics he used in high school in order to be thoroughly prepared to commence a study of physics on college level in February found that the early morning was the only time he could study, for that was the only

time the house was free of visitors. But his sister broke in on his study to ask him to do things which, if he had stayed in bed, would have been done by his mother or someone else. Her remarks about his laziness, his pretended study in order to escape errands or household tasks irritated him particularly; however, he felt upon his return to school that not only had he on many occasions given up his will but had, he felt, done it pleasantly. Other suggestions included not touching the Communion Rail when kneeling before it; when the *Gloria* was omitted from the Mass denying oneself the pleasure of saying it if, as one person felt, it seemed the loveliest prayer in the Mass; not saying the Sorrowful Mysteries on the day on which one should say the Joyful Mysteries; going to Mass early and remaining after the celebration because one wanted to stay in bed; eating what one disliked in the Refectory; upon waking at night not sneaking down to the chapel just because one wanted to; keeping quiet when knowing just what to say to humiliate a loud mouth; not smoking in public—and a number of such evidences that they comprehended the idea in Father Benedict Williams' Foreword to *Victims of Love*.

The sure and simple way of God's Will is that of daily self-repression, of checking one's self-will, of silence when one is inclined to give a sharp reply to unmerited abuse. A small suffering quietly and lovingly borne because *He has sent it and wills it* is of far more price in His sight than austerities self-inflicted, however great and wonderful they may appear.

Consciousness of the fact that one offends is prerequisite to any improvement. In part, a serious youth, eager to build up an interior life, thus records the results of his self-examination.

Dad and I talked again last night... understandingly. I have the *I* in my system and I know it. *I* look for praise, for fame, for recognition. The *I* shadows all my work, and spoils it. The *I*, standing alone, unaided, can do nothing. I must forget myself and work for the service of mankind—I must work for God. I must be His fool, and who am I? I am only a worm that should look at my fellow man and talk about God and tell him of His love, His power, His goodness. Will peo-

ple listen to me? They may call me a fanatic, a fool. I must *live* for God is the answer. And what if they do call me a fool?—that is my mission. Jesus, dearest Lord, smite my pride; kill that pride.

I look for fame; I look for money, for self-indulgence; *money* will kill my love for God. I must be the generous giver and love—love my brother because God commands me to, because my brother is His creature too. That is why I admire Francis Thompson. God awards to people ability. He will award me just as much, if I live for Him. I must not want money, or fame; I must want only to reveal God. Only through Him must I give expression to my thoughts. That is education, my work for God.

In looking for His twelve apostles, Jesus chose men that would follow Him wherever He went. He talked, and taught Wisdom, God. I, too, must follow Christ and teach in terms of God.

Jesus and Mary are held up as models in trying to teach the fact that "the Will of God is the melody of life," that "there is but one perfection, one sanctity, one holiness—the Will of God." From the secular point of view, in discussing Willa Cather's vision in creating *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, we emphasize her discovery that in such works as the *Golden Legend* there is no more emphasis on the martyrdom of saints than on the trivial incidents of their lives because when put up against the one supreme spiritual experience as criterion all human experience is of equal import or unimportance.

The works of St. Francis de Sales we recommend as dominated by this spirit of abandonment to the will of God—characteristic of all the saints. St. Peter of Alcantara's *The Way of Peace*, the works of Bishop Curtis, and most recently those of the Little Flower are impregnated with this way of self-surrender. St. Theresa of Lisieux appeals so strongly to most readers that after reading in her Autobiography that she never refused God anything they are ready to follow her way, feeling that it is the surest way to holiness and peace.

In reporting on a reading of Father Husslein's *Secret of the Little Flower* one student says in part:

Father shows very clearly how the power of St. Teresa became so great. She put

herself completely in God's hands, giving herself up to His mercy. The most outstanding trait that she possessed was her trust in Him. She really felt that no matter how bad she might have been God would take her back to His fold. By doing God's will on earth she felt that "in Heaven the good God will do all I desire, because I have never done my own will on earth."

In this connection we recall Lacordaire's statement that never after he knew Jesus Christ did any created thing appear to him beautiful enough to be desirable. While treating this phase of ascetical teaching we may to advantage include a paragraph from Father Donahue, Superior General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, who, we mentioned early in this series of articles, gave the Conferences out of which this material has grown.

Until the soul abandons herself to God's holy will there is no real advancement in virtue. How many souls, nevertheless, even among those consecrated to God's service, hold back and peering fearfully into the future, shrink from that generous surrender of self which delights the heart of God and merits treasures of grace for the soul. How utterly unreasonable is this conduct, how utterly groundless this fear! Who is so *wise* as God, Who is so *powerful* as God? Who is so *loving* as God! Why should a child hesitate to throw himself into the arms of a Father whose wisdom and power are surpassed only by His tender, compassionate love? The difficulty with most of us, yes with all of us, is that we do not know God. O how *wise* He is, how *powerful* He is! How *good* and *loving* He is. It is this knowledge which makes self-abandonment so easy and sweet. Underlying the cheerful resignation with which the saint welcomes every event of life is the steadfast, firm, and lively conviction that nothing happens that is not in subordination to the will of God. Without this conviction the saints could not act as they do. They have all been thoroughly convinced of the truth contained in the following lines which we quote from a well-known ascetical writer: "We may conclude that whatever evils can happen to us in this life, whether they arise from necessary causes, such as disease, pain, the loss of life or health, scarcity, sterility, pestilence, earthquakes, the inclemency of the seasons, poverty or misery; or whether they are the result of the action of free

causes, as injuries, wrongs, affronts, injustice, slander, opposition, annoyance, or any other effect of the malice of our fellows; they each and all most assuredly depend on God's appointment. Who, from eternity, has so disposed for our greater advantage. Wherefore, it behooves us to submit in a disposition of humble subordination to His most holy will in all that grieves and troubles us.

The *Religious Bulletin* follows up with Biblical quotations on the superior value of obedience in relation to sacrifice.

"And Samuel said to Saul: Suffer me, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said to him: Speak.

"And Samuel said: When thou wast a little one in thine own ways, wast thou not made the head of the Tribes of Israel? And the Lord anointed thee to be king over Israel.

"And the Lord sent thee on the way, and said: Go, and kill the sinners of Amalec, and thou shalt fight against them until thou hast utterly destroyed them.

"Why then didst thou not hearken to the voice of the Lord: but hast turned to the prey and hast done evil in the eyes of the Lord?

"And Saul said to Samuel: Yea, I have harkened to the voice of the Lord, and have walked in the way by which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalec, and Amalec I have slain.

"But the people took of the spoils sheep and oxen, as the first fruits of those things that were slain, to offer sacrifice to the Lord their God in Galgal.

"And Samuel said: Doth the Lord desire holocaust and victims, and not rather that the voice of the Lord should be obeyed? For *obedience is better than sacrifices*; and to hearken rather than to offer the fat of the rams.

"Because it is like the sin of witchcraft, to rebel: and like the crime of idolatry, to refuse to obey. Forasmuch therefore as thou has rejected the word of the Lord, the Lord hath also rejected thee from being king."—I Kings, Chapter 15.

For illustrative material we shall have to content ourselves with two papers—the first entitled "Freedom for our Souls," the next "In the Hands of the Potter."

Not so many years ago a young patriot became a hero by proclaiming to the world



that he would rather have liberty and death than life and chains. Two thousand years ago Our Lord and Saviour was crucified on a tree that we might have a choice of liberty or death. Death—what a death is this alternative to the liberty of our souls. Is it possible that any would choose it? Yes, many have. Many have chosen to be slaves to their animal passions, to their greed for money, to their love of worldly honors, and even to their pride. Many have chosen to be taunted and pricked by their conscience with the thought that they have lost what is really worth while; for if personal liberty is worth the death of the body, how many, many times more is the liberty of the soul worth the death of damnation?

Love of God frees us from all the desires of man. If we place our faith in Him, our worries for the future are nothing; and if we hope in Him we can make our souls as beautiful as He would have them.

All, then, remains, with us. With perseverance anything is ours; and it is never too late to start. What hinders us then? Nothing; for God is merciful and will joyfully remove the ball and chain if we but will it.

#### IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER

"Then went I down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheel. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it." (Jer. 18:3-4).

The potter had in mind a design for a vase that should be perfect in its beauty, but as he fashioned it the clay asserted itself and took a hand in shaping the vase, in directing its destiny. "I think I should express my own individuality," it said. Then the plan of the potter came to naught.

But when the potter saw his work gone away, he said to himself, "This is certainly good clay, I'll try again"; and he dashed it down upon the wheel, a formless mass once more.

The clay felt disaster overtake it and a heavy hand rest upon it. It grieved because of its frustrated plans and lay still upon the wheel.

The potter took it again in his hands; and the clay, wondering what was to happen next, looked on. Soon the design of the potter became apparent and the clay was breathless with joy. "Oh," it whispered to itself, "I never dreamed he meant to

make me so beautiful! This time I'll help him accomplish his plan."

The vase was finished; and the clay beheld itself, perfect, and fit for the potter's use.

(To be continued)

#### University Monachism

(Continued from page 114)

The monk at the University has an influence which extends beyond his scholastic attainments. Trained to the quiet of the cloister, an academic atmosphere is not alien to him. He is most truly a monk when scholastic achievement occupies the hours not devoted to prayer: and how can he fill the time left to his own thoughts, unless he has a cultivated mind and a thorough equipment for some form of mental work? At the Gregorian University in Rome, religious of every kind can be encountered as they enter the classrooms; even the hermits of Camaldoli sent students thither, that their future days in the hermitage might not be unfruitful in the Lord. Outside of Rome, the greatest center around which are gathered the houses of religious communities is now the Catholic University of Washington. In the Seminary, there are 160 young religious preparing for the priesthood; these include Benedictines, Franciscans, Josephites, Paulists, Trinitarians, Carmelites and others.

There is not a school in the University in which some religious cannot be found pursuing his way towards the academic standing which his degree will afford. Vowed to holy poverty as they are, the individual religious can offer no return to his *Alma Mater* but the lustre of a good name and the reflected glory of what he may subsequently achieve. One thing he can do for the University: he can pray that God may bless it, and that under Providence, it may receive such help as will enable it to go forward toward what appears to be its splendid destiny.

If the depression is a matter of serious worry to you, it is certainly a topic which you can discuss with the Guest of your soul.

Redemption is a word, the very thought of which ought to beckon us frequently to the foot of the Altar.



## Notes of Interest

### Miscellaneous

—John F. O'Connor, a Catholic, has received his 909th patent from the Government. With seventy patents pending, he will eventually have over a thousand to his credit. He is second only to Edison in the number of inventions. In a single year, 1919, he was granted 104 patents.

—Brother Bede Edward of St. Mary's College High School, Berkeley, California, addressed the Child Study Group of the Brentwood School Parent-Teacher Association. Shortly after, he received a letter signed "K. K. K." advising him to "keep out of our public schools." But "K. K. K." jumped the wrong man that time. In reply, Brother Bede says, "I am an American citizen, part of whose education was received in the public schools of Rhode Island, New York, and California. I hold certificates that permit me to teach in the public school of New York and New Mexico. Besides, the institution of which I am the head is actually contributing to the support of the public schools of three different counties of the state."

—A speaking clock has been installed at the Paris Observatory. It is the invention of a M. Esclançon. Anyone wishing to know the exact time has only to call for a certain telephone number to hear the hour, minutes, and seconds announced. The clock speaks every ten seconds.

—The Reverend William A. Rice, and the Reverend Edward F. Madaris, Jesuits of the New England Province, have arrived in Bagdad, Iraq, to open a secondary school at the invitation of Pope Pius XI. The school will open in October. The Reverend Edward Coffey, S. J., of Georgetown University, and the Reverend John A. Mifaud of the University of San Francisco, will also be among the first faculty members of the school.

—The pupils of the Salesian Orphanage at Lugo in Romagna, while on a holiday in the Trentino mountains, gathered a bouquet of Alpine stars (edelweiss) and sent them to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

—As an extension of its Converts' Aid Department, the National Catholic Converts' League has established a Speakers' Bureau, which will seek to arrange engagements for several distinguished Protestant ministers, converts to Catholicism.

—Mgr. Rene Graffin, a Holy Ghost Father, was consecrated Titular Bishop of Mosynople and Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of Yaounde, in the Cameroons, by Cardinal Verdier at Notre Dame in Paris. Mgr. Graffin is only 32 years old.

—Far out in mid-Atlantic, between Buenos Aires and Capetown, Mass was celebrated for the first time on the island of Tristan da Cunha. There are 163 persons on the islands. Two Catholic sailors were shipwrecked on the island 32 years ago. They were rescued, and

married natives. Their posterity form the Catholic population of the island to-day.

—The Catholic Church to-day ministers to Indians in 33 dioceses in 21 states, and to Indians and Eskimos in the Territory and Vicariate of Alaska. Nearly 400 mission chapels are attended by 200 priests. There are 43 boarding schools, 45 day schools, with a total enrollment of 7500 children.

—The students of Cathedral Hall, Brownlow-hill, Liverpool, who participated in the acting of the Passion Play during Holy Week, spent the preceding week in retreat, as a preparation for the performance.

—A special day was appointed as Invalids' Day at Montmartre, Paris, a day of prayer and resignation. Six hundred invalids in wheel chairs and stretchers filled the space from the Communion rail to the pulpit in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. Capharnaum's biblical scene was reenacted. The boys of the community volunteered to bring the invalids to the church. Nurses were at hand to serve the patients.

—In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, Catholics rise in the middle of the night and tramp through the cold for fifteen miles to hear Mass on Sunday.

—The Catholics in the United States, according to the most recent census, number 20,236,391. That is an increase during the past year of 21,239. The increase over 1922 is 2,132,587.

—Mr. Edgar Wallace, the prolific playwright and author of 140 novels, 20 plays,—all great successes, died, not as many supposed, a millionaire, but broke, and deeply in debt. He was known as a spendthrift.

—The new king of Ruanda, Belgian Congo, is taking instructions preparatory to Baptism. His father, an unpopular ruler, was exiled by the Colonial Government.

—A fifty-foot statue of Christ the King is to be erected on the summit of Mount Blanc, about four miles from Chamonix. The pedestal of the statue will serve as a chapel where Mass can be offered.

—A new religious congregation to provide priests for the millions of Poles living outside their native country has been formed by Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, and approved by the Pope. A seminary has been established in Poznan. It is estimated that there are seven million Poles outside Poland, but very few Polish priests are working amongst them. In the Polish colonies of Argentine and Brazil eighty per cent of the Poles are said to die without the last Sacraments.

—In 1931 America again led the world in contributions to the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. \$4,100,000 or forty-one per cent of the total comes from America.

—Right Reverend Monsignor Charles A. Ramm of San Francisco has been elected president of the California conference of social work.

—Twin brothers, Fathers Arthur and Charles Gruin, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their ordination at Grondines, Quebec. They are seventy-seven years old.

—A community of Poor Clares has been established at Memphis, Tenn. Most of the nuns in the new community come from the mother house at Evansville, Indiana, the foundress of which, Mother Magdalen Bentivoglio, is soon to be recommended for beatification. The diocesan process has already been completed.

—At Ephesus in Asia Minor is a house in which, according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin died. In 1892 the Sisters of Charity came into possession of this house and later handed it over to Fr. Poulin, superior of the Lazarists' mission in Smyrna. At his death the house was confiscated by the Turkish government. It has now been restored to the Lazarist missionaries by the highest court in Turkey.

### *Benedictine Notes.*

—The Little Flower Monastery at Newton, N. J., of which the Very Rev. Michael Heinlein, O. S. B., is Prior, has begun the erection of a new building so as to accommodate the members of the growing community and to open a school for the training of subjects for the foreign mission field. The Congregation of St. Odile, to which the community at Newton belongs, pledges itself to work in foreign lands.

—Sister Agatha Shrader, O. S. B., of the Benedictine convent of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde, Mo., celebrated on May 5th the fiftieth anniversary of her vows as a daughter of St. Benedict and a spouse of Jesus Hostia (Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament). Sister Agatha's parental home was at Maryville, Mo., which is not very far from Clyde. Two weeks previous to this memorable jubilee occurred also the fiftieth anniversary of the taking of possession of the first small convent at Clyde by the pioneer Sisters. Abbot Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., of Conception, close by, received the renewal of vows by the jubilarian and preached the sermon on the happy occasion.

—The Rt. Rev. Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B., Abbot of Farnborough Abbey, in the diocese of Portsmouth, England, passed the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on June 3rd. Abbot Cabrol, who is widely known in this country especially because of his popular missal and other liturgical works, was born in Marseilles, France, on Dec. 11, 1855. Entering the famous Abbey of Solesmes, he made his religious profession there on Sept. 29, 1877. For six years he was Prior at Solesmes. When the Empress Eugenie founded the monastery at Farnborough in 1885, Dom Cabrol was sent thither from Solesmes as the first Prior of the new foundation. In 1903 the priory was raised to the rank of abbey. On July 20th of that same year the monks of Farnborough chose their Prior for their first Abbot. The solemn abbatial benediction took place on Sept. 29th. In 1924 the venerable prelate received Dom Bernard du Boisrouvay as coadjutor with the right of succession. In this same abbey lives also Dom

Adrian Eudine who is quite well known throughout the length and breadth of the U. S. A. because of his numerous visits to America and his labors here in behalf of Gregorian chant.

—At a recent election held in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Yankton, South Dakota, Sister M. Jerome Schmitt, O. S. B., was elected prioress to succeed Mother M. Frances, whose term of office had expired. The new prioress is a native of South Dakota. One of her brothers is a priest in the Sioux Falls diocese, while another is Bro. Oswald, C. F. X., a Xaverian Brother at Louisville, Ky. Sr. M. Regula, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Convent at St. Joseph, Minn., is a sister of Mother Jerome.

—The Queen of Belgium visited the Benedictine Abbey of Kreizerberg, Louvain, and was tendered a reception in the chapter room where she was introduced to the monks by the Abbot.

—Sister Mary Faustina, O. S. B., aged 81 years, died at the convent of the Immaculate Conception, Ferdinand, Indiana, on March 31, 1932. Born in Emsdetten, Muenster, Germany, her parents moved to America when she was but three. Hers was the second family to build a home at Saint Meinrad, the home of THE GRAIL. Sister M. Faustina entered the convent in 1870 and was the eighth new member of that convent. She was one of the group of thirty-three who were the first to take perpetual vows in that community.

### *Cheered in Church*

*(Continued from page 101)*

sion that he gave in Cork on his return from Australia, where he had spent thirteen years, Father Phelan related an experience of his in that far-off land that brought forth cheers from the congregation, says the (London) *Universe*.

One day while the priest was returning from an outpost, a half-drunken man staggered across his path in a log village.

"Good day, my man," greeted the priest.

"You're a—Popish priest," the man snarled, "a dirty Irish dog. Take that," he said, slapping the clergyman in the face. "Your religion tells you to turn the other cheek," he continued.

"I turned the other cheek," said F. Phelan, "and he slapped me again with a drink-stained hand."

F. Phelan, who was six feet tall, paused awhile, drew himself to his full height and continued: "My Irish blood boiled. I looked at the big hulking brute, and I stuck my stick into the sand. I took off my collar and stock and put them on top of the hat. I rolled up my sleeves.

"That's Father Phelan there," I told him, as I pointed to my garments, 'but here's Tom Phelan's son from Mullinahone, Co. Tipperary,' and I set about him and thrashed him to within an inch of his rotten life." And then the congregation cheered.

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# KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

**NOTE:** The questioner from Springfield, Ill., should kindly read the Fifth Chapter of St. John's Gospel. The answer to the question from Fort Wayne, Ind., will be found in the March, 1932, issue of KWEERY KORNER.

*Are the Marist Fathers and the Marianists the same?*—St. Louis, Mo.

No, they are not. The Marist Fathers had their foundation at Lyons, France, in 1822 by Venerable J. C. Colin. The congregations are composed of priests and lay brothers who are especially dedicated to Mary and observe the hidden life. They conduct missions and also have charge of schools. The Marianists are the Society of Mary and were founded at Bordeaux in 1817. This organization is also composed of priests and lay brothers, who devote themselves to education and works of piety.

*Who is the Patron Saint of altar boys?*—Parsons, Kans.

Saint John Berchmans, whose feast is celebrated on August 13th, is the Patron Saint of altar boys.

*Who were the four crowned martyrs?*—Rahway, N. J.

The term "Four Crowned Martyrs" is applied to Saints Sempronianus, Claudius, Nicostratus and Castor. They were all said to be sculptors and refusing to make a statue of a pagan god were whipped and then thrown into the Danube in a leaden coffin.

*Is there a diocese in Alaska belonging to the Catholic Church?*—Chicago, Ill.

No. But the Holy See has established a Vicariate-Apostolic there. The latest general census of Alaska shows that about one third of the inhabitants there belong to the Catholic Church.

*Could one take the name Sibyl in baptism?*—Erie, Colo.

Yes, Sibyl is a contracted form of the name Sibyllina. Saint Sibyllina, the virgin of Pavia, is commemorated in the Church on March 19th.

*I have often acted as sponsor at baptism and wish to ask the significance of the anointing of the baby on the back and breast.*—Kansas City, Mo.

The cross on the breast denotes that our faith is a shield against temptation; the one on the back denotes that one must patiently bear the burdens of life, even as the Savior bore His cross.

*Is Matty a form of Margaret and which Saint is my Patron Saint?*—Kingston, N. Y.

Quite mistakenly, the nickname Matty is often given for Margaret. But, strictly speaking, Matty is a variant form of the name Matilda. Several Saints have had that name, but probably the best known was Queen Matilda of Germany, whose feast is celebrated March 14th.

*Can you kindly explain for me what is meant by Gregorian water?*—Mahanoy City, Pa.

Gregorian water is so called because its use was ordered by Pope Gregory IX. In its blessing it has wine, ashes and salt mixed with it and is used in the consecration of churches.

*When did the custom of placing the crib in church at Christmas time originate?*—Cleveland, O.

This lovely custom was begun by Saint Francis of Assisi in the year 1223.

*Will you please explain for me why the server raises the back of the priest's vestment at the time of the consecration?*—Indianapolis, Ind.

The outer vestment of the priest at Mass is called the chasuble and was originally a large mantle or cloak, with only an opening for the head of the one who wore it. It had to be raised at the sides to allow the arms to be extended beyond it. The assistants at the Mass used to perform this service for the celebrant and the custom to-day of raising the rear part of the vestment slightly is a trace of the former practice.

*What book would you suggest for reading along the line of philosophy and education?*—St. Paul, Minn.

The Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee highly recommends two works along this line, both bearing the same title: "Philosophy and Education." The one is by Franz D. Hovere, published by Benziger Company; the other by Claude L. Vogel, published by Bruce Company.

*Will you please inform me how to say the Blessed Sacrament beads?*—Wichita, Kans.

First, a spiritual communion is made and then on each of the thirty three beads the following aspiration is said: "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us." For each of the thirty three aspirations an indulgence of three hundred days is granted.

*My husband and I would dearly love to have a child and wish to ask you if there is any special Saint to whom we might carry our petition?*—Sedalia, Mo.

Saint Ann is invoked by childless wives. You may also pray to Saint Felicitas, whose feast occurs on November 23rd. The latter Saint has frequently been called upon in your particular need.

*A friend of mine argues that the church bell is a sacramental; I claim he is wrong. Will you please give us some information on this point? When were church bells first used?*

Your friend is correct; the church bell is considered a sacramental. It is an outward sign, blessed by the church, and its sound reminds us of God and thereby may increase grace in our souls. It is said that Bishop Paulinus of Nola in Italy first introduced the church bell about the year 400.

*How many Apostolic Delegates have we had in the United States of America and what were their names?*—Elizabeth, N. J.

The United States has had five Apostolic Delegates: Cardinals Satolli, Martinelli, Falconio, Bonzano, and the present incumbent, His Eminence Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi.

*Must the churching of a woman always take place in a church?*—Denver, Colo.

The very name would answer your question. The rules governing this beautiful blessing specify that the churching of a woman must always take place in a church, or in the place where Mass is said publicly.





## Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

### OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight *via* Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight *via* Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight *via* Ravinia, S. D.

### BROTHER GILES' DIAMOND JUBILEE

Brother Giles Laugel, O. S. B., senior brother of St. Meinrad's Abbey and veteran missionary among the Sioux Indians in North Dakota, has spent the greater part of fifty-six years with the Indians. The sixtieth anniversary of his religious profession at St. Meinrad occurred on June 24.

Born at Vincennes, Ind., on Sept. 17, 1855, the jubilarian came to St. Meinrad to join the brotherhood. At the age of seventeen he consecrated himself to the service of God by the vows of religion. Four years later he went to Dakota Territory to devote himself to the spiritual welfare of the Indians. With the exception of several years that he tarried at the Abbey he has spent more than half a century with his beloved Sioux.

The sixtieth anniversary of his profession was anticipated two months. In the first place, it happened that the Rt. Rev. Abbot Coadjutor would be in Dakota in April, and secondly, if he had waited until June 24, the children would no longer have been at the school.

The illustrations that follow tell their own story.



FATHER ABBOT WITH THE VENERABLE JUBILARIAN  
F. AMBROSE AND F. DAMIAN (STANDING)

### OUR MISSIONARIES

By Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B.

Missionaries are a class of people who are laboring against great odds. They are away out on the frontier, away from civilization, away from their friends and away from publicity. Their conditions, their difficulties, and problems are practically unknown to many people. They realize that the expansion of the Church depends greatly on them. The missionary, as it were, drives back the wild game and cleans the forest for establishing the parishes of the future. He is brought into contact with every element of human life and he faces problems that are not known in parochial circles. Moreover, the missionary must have a keen development, and lay the foundation, so that in due time the proper results will come. Everyone who has visited the missions and has intelligently studied these things, will say that the task of the missionary is not an enviable one.

The missionary has a right to all the encouragement he can get. He needs it. Many a time a kindly word or a bit of encouragement keeps away the "last straw" which would crush his spirits. Missionaries are human, and it is the way of human nature, when it faces severe trials and labors, to be inclined to back down. Thank Heaven that Holy Church has produced leaders and others among her children who have realized this fact. These bishops, these priests and laymen have saved the missionary many a time. On the other hand, there are men who have failed to realize the meaning of the word *mission*, who have no time and no helping hand for the missionary. There are even enterprises which have begun with the very purpose of helping the missions and seem to have got side-tracked, in one way or another, from their very purpose.

Every now and then you receive through the mails, a letter asking for a donation for this or that purpose; Missionaries on the frontier are multiplying. Holy Church is sending out to the firing line new recruits— young men who see the ripening harvest of souls, and come out with great fervor determined to battle for them. These letters of appeal are necessary if the mission is to continue to exist, yet the worry, labor, and difficulties of getting funds by letters of appeal, are so great that very few priests will undertake the task. Did our people know thoroughly the desperate needs of the missions, we know they would give more generously than ever. The private letter of appeal is a necessary evil, without which some missions simply could not exist, as the mere pittance they receive from "organized charity" would hardly run the mission even a month.

### ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Although we were having mild weather most every-



where else this winter, the Dakotas had plenty of blizzards. Father Sylvester describes one of them: "The storm came on just as I was about to leave for Yankton to take three sick children to the hospital. It was a hard trip, and for awhile, things did not look so good. The snow blew under the hood of the engine and shorted the distributor wires. Naturally we grew uneasy under the circumstances, for it is no fun to try to find engine troubles in a snowstorm so ferocious that you can hardly open your eyes in it. But our Guardian Angels were with us, and we reached the hospital O. K."

On February 21st, there was a big thaw. For weeks it had been frozen up, and one would think that the gigantic snowdrifts would never disappear. But a bright sun and a gentle south wind did the trick; in a remarkably short space of time the drifts formed lakes, and the hard, frozen ground became oozy mud. Mosquito Creek, a "dry run" at the Mission, that had not seen running water for two years because of the drouths, now became a rushing, roaring torrent. The building went on intermittently; the men worked a few days, then, because of a freeze-up, went home again.

#### SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that the children have had lots of fun this past winter out in the snow. Father



ST. MICHAEL'S INDIAN MISSION CHURCH

Damian made them two long bobsleds with double runners, and on these the children coasted down a big hill about a mile from the school. Father Damian takes great pleasure in having the children enjoy themselves and will do anything to give them happiness. A half-breed Indian allowed the children the use of his horse; after they had coasted downhill, they tied the sleds to the tail of the horse, which good-naturedly pulled them back up the hill. A few miles from the school is a high Butte called the "Devil's Heart." Some of the citizens of Devil's Lake formed a Ski Club and every Sunday performers make the high jump, starting from a high platform on the summit of the Butte with their skis, going at a terrific speed over a raised platform part way down the hill. They do not touch ground again until they have completed a jump of over 100 feet on the lower slope of the Butte.

Little Flower School has a new address—St. Michael, N. Dak. It has just recently been instituted a post office, and Father Damian is the postmaster. He has his sleeves rolled up and is waiting for lots of mail from friends of the mission—especially letters containing money orders, which he now has power to cash.

#### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

In five years more this mission will celebrate its golden jubilee. When Father Pius first came out here in 1887, it was a bitterly cold January day, and nothing was to be seen on all sides but one long stretch of bleak, snow-covered prairie on which was a tiny hut that was to serve as his home. A large pile of wood had been provided for fuel, but this was soon buried under high drifts and could not be got at



FATHER ABBOT, BROTHER GILES, AND THE SIX LITTLE "INJUN" MONKS



SIX INDIAN BOYS IN MONK'S GARB WHO REPRESENTED SIX PHASES OF THE VENERABLE JUBILARIAN'S ACTIVITIES ON THE MISSIONS

until spring when the sun thawed away the snow. For a long time potatoes were the only nourishment of the missionary. "Use plenty of salt," advised Bishop Marty, "and they will not hurt you." Father Pius was a young man then, filled with energy and indomitable courage, and he laughed at hardships; they meant nothing where there were precious souls to be saved. His first thought was to provide a school for the education of the little Indian children. He scrimped and saved with only that one thought in mind, and in this project he was aided by a charitable young lady—Miss Katherine Drexel, who has since become the foundress of the Order of Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Her generous donations aided substantially in erecting the first frame buildings which became the boarding school for a number of Indian children who knew no better homes than canvas tents or log hovels. To-day Father Pius is an old man, worn out by the hardships and struggles of those forty-five years on the prairie, and the work of the Mission has passed out of his hands to two younger missionaries. Tried several times by storm and fire, the Mission continued to grow in spite of every setback. The kindness of our good benefactors has made this possible; because of the increasing number of children, existence has not ceased to be a struggle for the missionaries, and they depend entirely on what their good friends are able to send them. Let us not disappoint them!

#### THOSE WHO SENT TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, ETC.

Mrs. Eliz. Brickhoff, Cinti., O.; Sr. Magdalen, Detroit; M. A. Beck, Altoona, Pa.; E. A. Rohr, Brooklyn; Miss Claire Lawton, New Orleans; Mrs. Buckley, Brooklyn; Mrs. M. Hillenmeyer, Lexington, Ky.; M. T. Clifford, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. W. C. Bates, Brooklyn; E. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. O. Heilman, Pittsburgh; Mrs. M. A. Bergau, Audobon,

N. J.; Mrs. Wm. Whitfield, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. M. F. Francis, Nutley, N. J.; Theresa O'Connor, Indianapolis; Mrs. A. S. Cornell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

#### BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Our Indians make beautiful beadwork and embroidery; won't you patronize them? Even before the depression, these poor creatures have lived in the most utter poverty—always, poverty has been their portion. If you are in need of a gift, or a prize for some sodality affair, won't you purchase it from us?

Embroidered tea aprons, 75¢; emb. bolster sham, \$1.00; buffet set, (1 large

doily and 2 small) \$1.00 each; large round centerpiece, 75¢; round luncheon cloth, \$1.50; buffet scarves, \$1.25; emb. carriage quilts, \$1.00 each; knife and fork cases, 35¢; tea towels, 25¢ each.

Beadwork: Handbags, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50; small woven bead purses, 50¢ and 25¢; woven necklaces, \$1.00; war club, \$2.00; pin cushion, 75¢; squaw's beaded belt, 50¢; adult moccasins, \$3.00; (give length in inches) children's, \$1.50; babies' 50¢; bead flower clusters 35¢ and 50¢; red hand-painted neck beads; also white ones, 35¢ each; mourning beads, 50¢; bead bracelet, 35¢; bead rings, 15¢. Silk quilt top, \$5.00. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



FATHER ABBOT WITH FUTURE (?) NOVICES



### MOTHERS

God, be kind to mothers  
With cookie jars to fill,  
And funny lullabies to sing  
When dusk blows down the hill.  
Who scrub small children's faces  
When early school bells ring,  
And let a boy bring puppies home,  
Or bugs, or anything.  
God, be kind to mothers  
When it is candle time,  
And children's rounded voices  
Say prayers in ordered rhyme.  
May there be special blessings  
At night when houses sleep,  
On all the mothers everywhere  
Who have child hearts to keep.

—Helen Welshimer.

### THE MASS SERVER

To be an altar boy is the greatest honor that can come to any boy. The altar boy is set apart from other boys to stand in the holiest place on earth—the sanctuary of the Catholic Church. Therefore he must be holy. He must daily live as one of the saintly boys of the parish. "Who shall stand in His holy place?" asks the Psalmist and he answers: "The innocent of hands and the clean of heart."—Ps. 23:3,4.

At all the services of the Church he represents the people. He acts and speaks for them to the Lord. His conduct before the altar should keep them in mind of the things of God. "Show the people the ceremonies and the manner of worshipping and the way wherein they ought to walk."—Exodus 18:20.

His greatest duty gives him a part in the most sublime act of religion—the Mass. He prepares things for the coming of Jesus among His people. Let him strive constantly for cleanliness of body and neatness of dress. "Be ye clean, you that carry the vessels of the Lord."—Isaias 52:11.

His other duties at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and at the Holy Hour afford him the glorious privilege of serving as a soldier before the throne of the Immortal King of Ages. Let him be ever on guard to honor and protect the dignity of the great King. "I have loved, O Lord,.... the place where Thy glory dwelleth."—Ps. 25:8.

Let him remember that the sacristy is the ante-

chamber of the throne room of our Royal Guest. Silence must reign there. "Let all flesh be silent at the presence of the Lord."—Zach. 2:13.

His patrons are the saintly youths—Aloysius and John Berchmans. Every day he will ask them to obtain for him the grace of being a royal page of the King of Heaven, what they were in their boyhood.—Exchange.

### WHISTLING TO MARY FOR A PRIEST

The following anecdote of a soldier boy, who wrote from the field of action to assure his mother that he was keeping up his religious duties, we take from *The Catholic Laitie*, Dublin:

"For some days I had been anxious to go to confession, but there was no priest near our quarters. I was walking along the road all alone, whistling your favorite hymn, 'O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid,' thinking how the Mother of God has a care of us. She knew my want just then. Rounding a corner, still whistling, I met an officer, saluted, and he answered back:

"'You're a Catholic, my boy?'"

"'Yes, surely,' I answered.

"'I thought so from the tune you're whistling,' continued the officer. 'Been to confession lately? I'm a Catholic priest.'

"'Well, this is luck! 'Twas you I was whistling for to the Mother of God! I'm ready to confess, Father, and so are some of the other lads back there. Could you come to us?'"

"'Gladly,' answered the priest officer.

"And the hymn whistled to Our Lady proved instrumental in winning many graces for soldier souls that day."

### GOOD WRITING

There are many educated persons who write so poorly that to read what they have written takes the wisdom of a Solomon, and what is worse, they often boast of their scribbling as if it gave them some sort of distinction. There are others who spell very poorly and who seem to take a sort of pride in their inability to spell correctly. Of the two evils, bad spelling is preferable to bad writing for a word is rarely spelled so badly that it cannot be made out. It is certainly worthwhile to put forth much effort to become proficient in both the arts mentioned.

Twelve things Marshall Field asked people to remember:

The value of time.  
The success of perseverance.  
The pleasure of working.  
The dignity of working.  
The worth of character.  
The power of kindness.  
The influence of example.  
The obligation of duty.  
The wisdom of economy.  
The virtue of patience.  
The improvement of talent.  
The joy of originating.

—Exchange.

#### DAILY COMMUNION

"Come to me in the morning,"  
He whispers soft and low;  
Of course you are not worthy—  
You never could be so.

But Christ Himself invites you;  
Do not refuse His plea;  
He whispers to you sweetly:—  
"Ye burdened, come to me!"

Oh! mark His words, ye fearful!—  
Not: "Ye who have no sin,"—  
But: "Come all ye who falter,  
That I may ease your pain!"

He thinks not of past frailties,  
He knows your sorrows all,  
He wills you trust His goodness,  
And heed His loving call.

Then, oh! how sweet your pathway  
Will grow from day to day,  
When Jesus dwells within you,  
And guides you on your way.

—Exchange.

#### THE FIRST HOLY COMMUNION OF ST. ALOYSIUS

FR. PATRICK, O. S. B.

About two hours' distance from the southern bank of Lake Garda in a charming region of Italy lies the castle of Castiglione. There on the ninth of March, 1568, was born a child that later was to be Saint Aloysius. Cannon shots and a solemn *Te Deum* in the parish church announced his birth.

The new-born babe was destined to be ruler of the surrounding territory. At noon bread was distributed in the market place and wine was supplied for all, while games and other entertainments completed the celebration.

A few days later the boy was baptized in the parish church and was named Aloysius. From now on nothing

was the object of more love in the castle than little Aloysius.

Aloysius was a remarkable child. While other children were accustomed to play with their toys and wooden soldiers he occupied himself by hiding in a corner and praying the Our Father as well as he could at a very tender age.

When he came into contact with the poor, he did not cease to seek alms for them through words and signs. As soon as it was known that this made him happy, his pleas were gladly fulfilled and in this way he did much for the poor people.

After a few years had passed the soldier life of Aloysius began. On this he later thought with many tears and much sorrow. He thought that he had at this period committed the greatest part of the sins of his life.

Don Ferdinand, the father of the little saint was commander of an army and was a soldier through and through. Therefore he thought it not good that Aloysius should always remain with his mother and other pious women in the castle, lest he become too tender and pious. He therefore acquired a soldier's uniform and weapons for the four-year-old Aloysius, who was much pleased with them.

Soon the little field marshal was the favorite of the soldiers, who gladly allowed him his heart's wish, namely, to shoot a gun. He had, however, like other little boys, no special luck at shooting practice. Once the powder burnt his face pitifully. So the father forbade the soldiers to give him any more. But Aloysius was not finished with his shooting. The boy was only beginning.

One afternoon when all was very quiet in camp, the soldiers were aroused by a cannon shot. Don Ferdinand thought that some of the soldiers had fired and he sent an officer to investigate. The cause of the excitement was soon discovered. Aloysius had slipped unnoticed into the tent of the soldiers and there he had obtained some powder. Then he had loaded a small cannon and had shot it off. This time, however, the result was almost worse for him than the time before. The cannon kicked and Aloysius was thrown backwards. His guardian angel saved him from greater harm. This was too much for the father. He wished to punish the little culprit severely, but the soldiers pleaded for him so heartily that he was spared.

The soldier life of Aloysius had yet worse effect. The conversation of the soldiers among themselves was not at all edifying for the young prince. Thinking that a real soldier must talk like a soldier, he repeated what he heard without understanding the meaning of what he said. His tutor hearing him on one occasion, corrected him earnestly, and Aloysius ceased immediately. After some months he went home to his mother, and there his soldier life was finished.

And now began his religious training. Every day he had to hear Holy Mass. While praying he never used a cushion, as was customary for princes, but knelt on the bare floor. This habit he kept during his entire life.



Not long afterwards Aloysius grew sick. A fever troubled him for a year and a half and weakened him greatly. He was always patient, however, and never slackened in his practices of devotion. When he was too weak to hold himself upright in bed, he allowed himself to be supported by a nurse and thus he said his prayers. The time of sickness he later called the time of his conversion.

His mother, who was very pious, gave her children good example. On one occasion when she said that she should be glad if one of her children would enter a monastery, Aloysius replied, "Dearest mother, that can very easily happen. I should like to give myself entirely to the good God."

"With you," replied the mother, "it cannot easily happen. You are the eldest and later must take the place of your father."

"Must I do that really? To be a stately soldier like my father would be very fine, but I would rather be a pious priest and in a monastery. Then I will more surely go to heaven. Do you know, mother, I would like to be in heaven right near to the good Jesus."

The time came for Aloysius to begin his higher studies. His father, on returning home, was glad to see his son again. But he also noticed that Aloysius no longer had thoughts of soldier life. "But," he thought, "if he will not be a soldier, he will be a pious, capable prince, and that is even better."

At this time a terrible epidemic visited the land. All Italy was in fear. Count Ferdinand, fearing for his boys, moved to a city which was free from the epidemic. There, however, he became sick and was forced to seek a health resort. He took Aloysius and his brother Rudolph with him. The boys' mother did not like to have them go away, but her protests were of no avail.

The boys liked the resort. There they could take pleasant walks under old shady chestnut trees or make enjoyable trips on horseback.

Restored to health, the count and his sons returned to Florence, where the boys were to study. But here they were not allowed to enter the city because of the fear of the epidemic. They acquired a house about an hour's distance from the city and waited there. Before long Aloysius found himself in beautiful Florence, where he earnestly applied himself to his studies. Among other things he studied Italian and Latin. His free time was spent in pious practices. He went to confession often and confessed especially the sins of his soldier life. He made a resolution rather to give up his life than to place himself in danger of sinning. And, moreover, he resolved to be more careful of his actions and to live a life of strict mortification. "All loved the humble, friendly Aloysius and did all he wished out of love for him."

Aloysius had a great love for the holy Mother of God. As he knelt one day before her picture, he was moved to make a vow never to marry. This was an important and holy moment of his life. With this promise he gave himself to God forever. Now he con-

sidered himself bound to watch over himself with even greater care than heretofore and he kept away more from dealing with others. He kept his eyes lowered in order not to see anything sinful. He was as strict with his body as a hermit in the desert.

But he was not on that account sorrowful or unhappy. He thought with greater joy on heaven than the other boys thought on their playthings, and he became a good example for all who saw him.

Deep in his heart arose a great desire to receive Holy Communion, which as yet he had not done. But he had to be patient, although it was difficult. In the summer of the following year the count, hearing of the boy's sickness, called him home that he might rest and grow stronger.

Until now Aloysius had had no spiritual guide. He had given himself entirely to God and was living a real monastic life.

The great day of his first Holy Communion was drawing near. Cardinal Charles Borromeo, who later became a great saint, one day visited Don Ferdinando. On this occasion Aloysius complained to him that because of being changed from one school to another, and of moving from one city to another, he had not yet made his first Holy Communion. "And I have such a great longing for my dear Savior," he said.

The cardinal sent him a catechism and he began to study earnestly. At the feet of the cardinal he was instructed and was soon prepared. The great day had finally come. All the family and servants in holiday attire gathered in the parish church. The organ sounded splendidly. How the little saint felt the joy of these moments! Cardinal Borromeo celebrated the Holy Mass. After he had communicated, Aloysius walked slowly to the altar. Who can tell with what devotion he received his dear Savior.

\* \* \* \* \*

We often hear it said that the good die young. Ten years after Aloysius had received his first Holy Communion, still a young man, he lay on his deathbed. After many hardships and difficulties he had attained to a high degree of sanctity. Now his sorrowing brethren gathered around him for the administration of the last sacraments, when he was to receive Holy Viaticum—Holy Communion for the last time. Aloysius alone was joyful and happy, not only because Jesus was about to come to him in the Holy Eucharist, but also because he knew that he was about to go to Jesus from Whom he was never again to be separated.

The dying saint had followed the call of grace and had entered the Society of Jesus with the intention of becoming a priest of the Most High. But Jesus was satisfied with the sacrifice he had made, with this offer of himself. His life on earth was at an end. Immediately after the passing of this noble youth God began to work wonders through his intercession. His fame spread throughout the whole world. After Rome had declared him a saint he was proclaimed patron of youth and his example was held up for the young to imitate.

## LETTER BOX

June 12, 1932.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Here's one of your older nieces coming to see what's wrong with the LETTER BOX these last few months. I've been so disappointed each month on not seeing any letters that I just had to write myself. Come on, you old members of the Corner, if new members won't join, let's keep the LETTER BOX filled anyway.

It's almost four years since I first wrote to you, and during those years I've had several letter pals. I have written to one for over two years, and we are now planning to meet each other, not only in letters, but in person. You can't imagine until you try it how interesting it is to correspond with girls and boys in different states.

I'll be eighteen years old in a few months and in September I am entering college at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. One thing is sure though, I'll never forget the LETTER BOX, and each month when I get the Grail, that'll be the first thing I'll look at.

Hoping to see an increase in letters, I am,  
One of your nieces,

Mary C. Wuchner.

P. S. I have several buttons from you, Aunt Agnes, so you won't need to send me any more.

Thank you, Mary. But please write again, won't you—from St. Mary-of-the-Woods? Your letters might inspire others to attend.

AUNT AGNES.

## SEND YOUR ANGEL TO MASS

(Contributed)

O holy angel at my side,  
Go to the church for me;  
Kneel in my place at holy Mass,  
Where I desire to be.

At Offertory in my stead,  
Take all I am and own,  
And place it as a sacrifice,  
Upon the altar throne.

At holy Consecration bell,  
Adore with seraph's love  
My Jesus hidden in the Host,  
Come down from heaven above.

Then pray for those  
I dearly love,  
And those who cause me grief,  
That Jesus may cleanse all my heart,  
And suffering souls relieve.

And when the priest Communion takes,  
Oh, bring my Lord to me,  
That His sweet Heart may rest on mine,  
And I His temple be.

## THE BANNER BETSY MADE

Here is a poem that is appropriate for any patriotic occasion and one that is especially good for your Fourth-of-July program. It is just full of patriotism.

Do not attempt to read it unless you can see beauty in the lines, and please, Oh please, do not give in in a sing-song-want-to-get-through-in-a-hurry manner, for if you do, the poem will lose its beauty.

Emphasize all italicized words, and read in a clear voice slowly enough to give the correct expression.

We have nicknamed it *Old Glory*  
(voice full of pride; gesture toward flag)

As it floats upon the breeze,  
Rich in legend, song and story,  
On the land and on the seas;  
Far above the shining river,  
Over mountain, gorge, and glade,  
With a fame that lives forever,  
Floats the banner Betsy made.

Once it went from her, its maker,  
To the glory of the wars,  
Once the modest little Quaker  
Deftly studded it with stars;  
And her fingers, swiftly flying,  
Thro' the sunshine and the shade,  
Welded colors bright, undying,  
In the banner Betsy made.

When at last her needle rested,  
And her cherished work was done,  
Went the banner love-invested,  
To the camps of Washington;  
And the glorious continentals,  
In the morning light arrayed,  
Stood in ragged regimentals  
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

How they cheered it and its maker,  
They the gallant sons of Mars!  
How they blessed the little Quaker  
And her flag of stripes and stars!  
'Neath its folds the foemen scorning,  
Glinted bayonet and blade,  
And the breezes of the morning  
Kissed the banner Betsy made.  
(Take a step forward here)

Years have passed, but still in glory  
With a *pride* we love to see,  
Laureled with a nation's story,  
Waves the *emblem of the free*;  
From the rugged pine of Northland  
To the deep'ning Everglade,  
In the sunny heart of Southland  
Floats the banner Betsy made.

A *protector* all have found it  
And beneath it stands no slaves,  
Freemen brave have died around it  
(lower tone)  
On the land and on the waves;  
In the foremost front of battle,  
Borne by heroes not afraid,  
(stronger voice)

'Mid the cannon's loud 'death rattle  
Soared the banner Betsy made.

Now she sleeps, whose fingers flying,  
(*Lower tone; give softly*)

With a heart to freedom true,  
Mingled colors bright, undying—  
Fashioned stars on field of blue;  
It will lack for no defender  
(*chest high; head up; strong voice*)  
When the foreign foes invade,  
For our Nation rose to splendor  
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

#### "OLD GLORY"

(From 'Liberty Aflame,' by Henry Brenner)

O noble banner, striped with patriot's blood,  
And strewn with stars that never cease to shine!  
Thy birth auspicious marked the glorious close  
Of Washington's late vic'tries. Betsy Ross—  
She of the delicate eye and skillful needle—  
We'll ne'er forget as long as freedom's tongue  
Lives to narrate the glories of her service.

The Stars and Stripes—with pride it was unfurled,  
While Liberty herself raised it aloft  
In sight of her enthusiastic lovers  
Cheering in wildest glee and throwing their caps  
High up into the air, while Washington  
Spoke to the crowd these words of heartfelt unction:  
"Friends, patriots, and fellow countrymen!  
Behold the pledge of all we hold most dear—  
Our Nation's flag! Those stripes shall never fade,  
Those stars shall never dim, and may the breeze  
That flaunts it to the sky ne'er cease to blow!  
Yea, shed your tears of joy, of love's emotion,  
And think of those who died for you and yours."

#### EIGHTH GRADERS' EXAMINATION PAPERS

General Pershing flew from the north pole to the south pole.

The Panama Canal is at New York.

Pres. Wilson was the first president to leave the World War.

He went down to Panama Canal and into the republic of New York.

The outer layer of the skin is called your hide.

The tube that connects the throat with the middle ear is called the U. S. Tation (Eustachian) tube.

You pasteurize milk by turning the cows into the pasture.

Two rivers in Nebraska are called the Nile and the St. Lawrence.

Nebraska is in the frigid zone or in the torrid zone.

Benedict Arnold was one of the characters in Evangeline.

Washington was born in Genoa, Italy. He was our first and best president. He was 200 years old his last birthday.

Gen. Pershing, he won the battle of Bunker Hill.

Benedict Arnold was a soldier in Switzerland. He wanted to give his country liberty. He said "Give me liberty or give me death."

An important factor in character building is arithmetic.

Wilson and Pershing were generals in the Civil War.

#### EXCHANGE SMILES

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail.

Tommy—I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling.

"Alfred," said his mother in a low, tense voice, "if you disobey me I will spank you right here on the street."

The little fellow looked up. "Mother," he inquired, with interest, "where would you sit?"

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time, she said: "Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

#### Abbey and Seminary

—Father Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B., rector of the Theological Seminary, was painfully injured at Cincinnati on the afternoon of June 29. As he stepped from a bus, a passing automobile threw him to the pavement. His left leg was broken in several places below the knee, his body was bruised, and his face lacerated. While his condition was reported serious, it was not considered critical. He is at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The doctor says that if infection does not set in, the patient should recover nicely. An enforced rest of six weeks may be necessary. We ask our readers to say a prayer for a speedy recovery.

—On Wednesday, June 15, the students left by bus and automobile for their respective homes. Thus were the wheels of vacation set in motion.

—Hardly were the boys out of sight when the work of destruction began on that part of the "annex" which stood within the court of the new quadrangle to the south. Erected in 1894, this long frame structure housed various shops and departments. The east end contained the print shop until the new plant was erected a little over a year ago. Joining this were the Abbey shoe repair shop, tailor shop; a dormitory and an infirmary for the College; bath rooms, etc. Last summer, to make room for the new building that was to go up on the same spot, the printing office section was detached and removed to the coal bin at the power plant, where it is still doing duty temporarily as offices for the builders. Another section having been cut off at the west end, the remainder, moved to its present location to serve as dormitory until the new college should be completed, ceased to be of further service when the students left. This relic of the past, with all its memories will have disappeared from sight before these lines reach our readers.

—Considerable work will be required to get the new quarters in readiness for the opening of the fall term of school. During the summer months the old college



is to undergo a complete transformation. The former dormitories will be divided into rooms for the Seminary. The old Music Hall will serve in part as cells for the Brothers. The College Book Store will have a new location on the second floor. The Brothers' recreation room and the stairway on the first floor will be remodeled into a dining room for the community. The former chapel, which adjoins the new kitchen, will become the dining room for the seminary. In years gone by the same room served as dining room for the students. Hammer and saw, plasterer's trowel and painter's brush will be plied in turn to effect the necessary changes.

—Preparations are now in the making for having the high school course of the Minor Seminary accredited. Several of the Rev. Professors are attending summer school at various universities to gain additional credits so as to comply with the requirements. Accordingly the following are sitting on the benches again facing learned professors: F. Ildephonse will get his M. A. this summer at Notre Dame; F. Anselm and F. Aemilian are working for credits at Cincinnati universities; F. Jerome is continuing his course at Fordham; F. Cyril has also gone to the metropolis of the U. S. A. to gather fresh laurels in history. F. Stephen, on the contrary, who was capped and cloaked some years ago, has gone to the Pius X School of Music New York to deliver a course of lectures in liturgy.

—According to the prevailing system, it matters not how well one may be versed in book "larnin," nor how long he may have occupied the chair of such-an-such a branch he must, before he is declared qualified to teach in an accredited school, attend an accredited school and be "exposed" to a battery of degreed professors who are entitled to write a string of initials behind their names. The same holds also for schools of nursing, medicine, etc. Too much red tape—"and that's that."

—The summer retreat was held from June 19 to 24 inclusive. Father Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., of Cincinnati, conducted the spiritual exercises. Our Indian missions were represented by Fathers Justin of Stephan and Hildebrand of Marty, both in South Dakota. On the return trip F. Justin took with him Fr. Augustine, a cleric of the community, who will spend the summer months inhaling South Dakota's salubrious atmosphere. F. Hildebrand was accompanied back to the missions by Mr. Frank Hulsman, a theologian of the Seminary, who will spend another summer at Marty. Mr. Hulsman finds the missions attractive, and a good place to put into practice some of the principles learned in theology. Fr. Timothy, who went to Marty in February, is reported as having improved greatly on the expansive prairies with their magnificent distances. He is looking forward to the opening of the fall term of school so as to continue his theological studies.

—Among the priests of the abbey who are substituting during vacation we find the names of Father Albert, who is at St. Mary's Church, Evansville; F. Richard, Assumption Church, Indianapolis; F. Eberhard, Our Lady of Victory Church, Floral Park, Long Island; F. Gregory, St. Aloysius Church, Box 10, R. R. 2, Station L, Cincinnati; F. Thomas, Eureka,

Kansas; F. Lawrence, Sandoval, Illinois; F. William, St. Stephen's Church, Owensboro, Kentucky; F. Victor will spend a few weeks at St. Francis of Assisi Church, Louisville; F. John, Holy Name Church, Louisville; F. Gabriel, Fredonia, Kansas; F. Theodore, Cannelton, Ind.; F. Jerome, Our Lady of Good Counsel, New York; F. Cyril, St. Monica's Church, New York.

—Shortly after the students left for their vacation Father Early, assistant at St. Philip Neri Church, Indianapolis, accompanied by Mr. Elmer Steffen, director of the Cathedral Choir, together with sixty-five choristers of St. Philip Neri's, came for a week's outing at the College. The boys had a glorious time swimming, boating, hiking, but, oh boy! the sunburns! Father Early is director of this splendid boys' choir of the Gregorian chant. They sang at High Mass on the feast of St. John the Baptist and on the Sunday following, alternating with the monastic choir in the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei.

—Word has come from Rome that our two clerics, Fr. Bernard Beck and Fr. Patrick Shaughnessy, will be ordained to the priesthood on July third at Monte Cassino, Italy, by Abbot-Bishop Gregory Diamare of the venerable Archabbey, which was founded by St. Benedict more than fourteen centuries ago. Father John Shaughnessy, brother of Fr. Patrick, who was ordained here in May, will attend the ordination and first Mass of his brother at Monte Cassino on July 4. Fr. Bernard will offer up his first Mass in Switzerland in the renowned abbey church at Einsiedeln on July 10. Numerous distant relatives of his at Einsiedeln will help to make the occasion memorable.

—Bro. Innocent, our tailor, and Bro. Fidelis, who was the first compositor on THE GRAIL, but of late years our baker, both passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their religious profession on June 16th. *Ad multos annos!*

—Bro. Kaspar Hoenle, who for the past six years proved himself a faithful laborer and an efficient helper on the farm and about the premises, left on May 30th for Beuron, the abbey of his profession, to spend the rest of his days. Brother Kaspar found the heat of our summers too severe for his constitution. We trust that the milder climate of his native land will be more agreeable.

—The week of penance and prayer that the Holy Father urged the whole world to keep during the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart brought with it, besides public prayer, also two fast days for the community. The extra prayers and private devotions of the students reminded one of Lent.

—Years ago the railroad through southern Indiana from St. Louis to Louisville, before it was purchased by the Southern R. R., was known as the "Air Line." About two months ago a real air line was inaugurated when air planes began to make regular trips, passing to and fro over the Abbey to Evansville and to Louisville. An emergency landing field has been established across the road from our vegetable garden. The planes carry both mail and passengers.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XXIII—EILEEN SUCCEEDS

**A**FTER Eileen had left his office, Mr. Westover sat staring straight ahead of him, one hand holding his eyeglasses, the other formed into a fist which rested on his desk. There was an ominous frown between his eyes, and he was talking to himself, furious over the news he had just heard.

"So!" he muttered. "And all this has been going on right under my nose. He not even consulted me about hiring this girl; he's taken quite a lot upon himself. But I'll settle that!" saying which, he first pounded the desk with his fist and then pressed the buzzer. In a few moments his secretary appeared.

"Miss Gregg, when my son comes back, please send him in to me at once. And have Miss—ah, Edgeworth come in. I wish to see her."

"Very well, sir," bowed the secretary, and proceeded to call Madeline. She, wondering if she were to get a raise because of her good work in the office, came, nothing loth, although she was a bit down-hearted because Ronald, as she thought, had been unable to keep his lunch appointment with her.

"Yes, sir; you wished to see me?" she asked.

"Ah, yes—ah, Miss Edgeworth—" this with a high inflection on the "Miss." "It has—ah—just come to my knowledge that you have been running around with my son."

"He has been kind enough to take me to various places, yes," she replied with dignity.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, about—two years or so."

"Is that so! And I knew nothing of it. Thought you were getting a pretty good catch, didn't you?"

"Sir?" replied Madeline, drawing herself up with more dignity.

"I am sure you understand perfectly well what I mean, Miss Edgeworth. Ronald will not marry out of his class. I will see to that. If he ever does—he shall be absolutely disinherited. So it will not do you much good to run after him." The man was so angry that he spluttered.

"Mr. Westover," replied Madeline as calmly as she could, "I have never run after your son, and what's more, I—"

"Don't answer me!" he shouted. "Get your things

and go, at once; and don't ever make any effort to see him again. Do you hear?" And he buzzed angrily for his secretary. Madeline hastily left the room.

"Miss Gregg," he said, when the lady appeared, "make out Miss Edgeworth's check at once!"

"Yes, sir," she replied, her mouth settling into its usual stern line. When the check was written, she brought it in to be signed.

"Now bring this out to the girl." But when Miss Gregg came to Madeline's desk, she was gone.

"She took all her belongings and went out the door," said a girl who sat across the aisle from Madeline. Miss Gregg went out into the corridor and around the bend just in time to see Madeline descending in the elevator. She returned to Mr. Westover's sanctum to report the fact.

"Maybe it's just as well," commented that magnate, tearing the check into bits and throwing them into the wastebasket. Meanwhile, Eileen sat at home awaiting developments, Ronald restlessly played golf and could get nothing out of it, while Madeline rushed to her boarding house, bursting with speechless grief, intending to pull up stakes, burn all her bridges, and disappear somewhere where no one knew her.

Having met the out-of-town buyer at the station, Ronald brought him to the office, where he at once became closeted with Mr. Westover, who had no chance to see his son, because the conference lasted until six o'clock, and by that time Ronald was preparing to have dinner over at the Trevillians. Eileen met him at the door with a sweet, subdued manner, such as one wears at a funeral. She made no mention of any of the circumstances of the afternoon, but she was curious about one thing, so she asked a question as she led him to the living room.

"Well, did you meet your buyer?"

"Yep. Left him at the office. He's up to his ears in conference with the pater." That still did not tell her what she wanted to know. How ask him in a way that would not throw suspicion on herself?

"Doesn't he include you in the conferences?" It was a shot in the dark.

"Sometimes, but I got away this evening without his seeing me. I wasn't in the mood for a stuffy old discussion on markets and processes and contracts." She was relieved, although she scarce knew why. Had she not carefully laid her plans for Madeline's dismissal? Then why this worry? The truth was that she was

afraid something might miscarry. From Mr. Westover's manner, she felt sure that her rival would lose her position, but she did not know how soon. She was afraid lest Ronald would see her again, demand, and receive an explanation, which would reveal all of her own baseness and reinstate Madeline in his affections.

"Was—was everyone gone home when you came back to the office—all the employees, I mean," she asked, driven on by the gnawing worry within her. She had to know whether he saw her, regardless of what he thought of the question.

"Yes; they were all gone—why?" She flushed and had to think fast.

"Oh, I—was just wondering what sort of a golf game you had. Must have been pretty good if you stayed so long." He looked at her penetratingly.

"I didn't see her, if that's what you mean." And then he smoked hard and stared at the floor in despondent mood. She slid over to him on the davenport and took his arm.

"I'm sorry, Ron. I shouldn't be asking prying questions."

"Oh, it's all right. I've been a fool for a long time." And he threw his burnt-out cigarette on the ash tray and began searching about for his case. Instantly she was on her feet.

"Permit me," she said, extending toward him the hammered brass box from the table, which contained two or three different brands of cigarettes. He chose one, and immediately she held the flame of a lighter to its tip.

"Thanks," he replied, feeling that all along he had been misjudging Eileen.

"Now; shall I play something for you—just until dinner is announced? Mother and Dad will be down in a few moments?"

"Yes, do." So she went to the piano and played "Consolation" and "Meditation," and ended with a brilliant fantasia which called into play all her nimble musical ability. Ronald lay with his head back on the cushion of the davenport, smoking, and looking ceilingward, thinking of nothing, and permitting the soothing strains to ease his aching heart. For it had, in truth, been torn wide open by what he had seen, and Madeline's seeming companionship with the gangster opened the way for the doubt which he had never before permitted himself to entertain about the ring. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Trevillian entered the room, and were loud in their delighted welcome.

"Well, old timer, glad to see you. Welcome home! Long time since we've had you for a cozy evening together." Ronald rose, and felt soothed by their hearty friendship.

"Now, this looks like old times," beamed Eileen's mother. "I hope you will come around oftener. You've been neglecting us a lot, you know."

"Yes, I'm just beginning to realize that," he replied. Here dinner was announced, and they all repaired to the dining room.

"I suppose you'll be here for Mother's birthday party," said Mr. Trevillian, beginning to carve.

"Wouldn't miss it for worlds," was Ronald's hearty response. He was glad he could at last honestly meet these kind people half way, for Eileen's parents had always treated him with great fondness. They put him very much at his ease, and when, after dinner, they decided to play bridge, he was laughing as loudly as any of them, perhaps because of the very pain he was suffering. For, throughout the evening, even when he seemed most deeply interested in some anecdote that was being related, he was debating within himself whether to see Madeline on the morrow and demand an explanation or not. One moment he believed it was all a terrible nightmare, the next he wondered if Madeline could really be the adventuress she seemed, and while his fingers nimbly dealt out the cards, he was recoiling from the ghastly truth of that noontime meeting. More friends came in later on, and more card tables brought out, and it was all of midnight before the guests arose to leave.

Eileen begged Ronald to remain yet awhile, promising to make a welsh rarebit for just the two of them, and he, hating to go home alone with his terrible thoughts, was nothing loth to remain. He helped her to light the chafing dish, got the toaster and put the bread in, went with her to the kitchen, where they ransacked the refrigerator and brought their spoils to the dining room table. Mr. and Mrs. Trevillian looked at each other significantly as they came to bid him good night before going upstairs.

"Don't stay up too late, my dear," her mother warned Eileen.

"I won't Mother," she replied happily, yet not so happily but a little leaden weight still hung upon her heart. Not until to-morrow passed, and she learned its developments, would she be at ease.

"Isn't this cozy?" she asked Ronald, when, the rarebit finished, she sat eating it, together with other tidbits they had found—sweet pickles, caviar, crackers, pickled herring, and cold drinks.

"It's more than cozy—it's an anaesthetic."

"Thanks; that's what I wanted it to be."

"You're a life-saver. I'd probably be out with some wild crowd or other, getting myself a swell hang-over for to-morrow morning. You're a good kid to give up your evening to me like this. Like as not you've had six or eight invitations to go somewhere more interesting."

"What if I did? I'd a thousand times rather be here with you."

"It's good of you to say so, even if you don't mean it."

"But I do, Ron." A long, earnest look passed between them.

"Yes, I believe you do mean it. Well, guess I'll help you take these things back to the kitchen, and then I'll move along. Ten to one the pater will have me billed to show Dadenhoffer the sights to-morrow, although I'd rather go home and dig in the garden. Stuffy old fellow."

"The golf tournament to-morrow—aren't you going?"



"Anybody taking you?" he countered.

"Oh, the bunch want me to go with them, but I—haven't promised."

"Good! That gives me an excuse. The pater's fond of you, you know, and not for worlds would he have me break an engagement with you."

"I see," she said, not exactly happy, but better half a loaf than none. She knew she could not expect him to fall head over heels in love with her just yet. "Very well, I'll expect you—at nine?"

"Nine it is. Good night." He wrung her hand at the door, and held it tightly for an instant in both his own. "—and thanks for a swell evening."

"You're most entirely welcome, I'm sure," she said.

Instead of going straight home, he drove his roadster to the park, where he milled up and down and in and out the various roads, trying to tire himself out, so that he might sleep at once, but it was useless. The battle was on, and not all his will power could make him decide whether to accept the situation as it was, or ask Madeline for an explanation of her association with the gangster. He went home, slept uneasily and fitfully, awoke unrefreshed, and went down to the office just as a matter of form, intending to tell his father at once of his date with Eileen at the golf tournament. As he passed through the statistics department, he had still not yet decided what to do, nor could he restrain himself from looking toward Madeline's desk. To his astonishment it was closed, and Madeline nowhere to be seen. He spoke to the forelady of the department, and was told that Madeline had left. At the same time, the buzzer sounded, and Ronald had hardly seated himself at his desk, but Miss Gregg, the secretary, asked him to come to his father's office.

"Yes, sir?"

"Oh, here you are?" said his father. "It's lucky you weren't here last night, or you would have caught it. I merely wanted to ask you, sir, by what authority you installed a denizen of the underworld in my office as a stenographer?"

"A—what?"

"You heard me—a girl who associates with gangsters, and has a criminal record. Where in the world did you pick her up? Trying some crazy reform stunt or what?"

"Well, you see, Dad, she seemed a very sweet girl, and—"

"I see. Did you or did you not know of her criminal record?"

"I knew she was accused of stealing a ring at Mrs. Trevillian's, but I never believed it."

"You wouldn't, with your Quixotic ideas; but you haven't answered my question. Why did you bring her in here?"

"Well, it's a long story, Dad. I met her at the Trevillians' three years ago, at one of her patroness' balls." Mr. Westover frowned.

"Meddling women," he muttered. "Dragging street riffraff into their homes—criminals and whatnot, with their craze for reform! Ought to stay at home and mind their business!"

"Well, as I was saying, she seemed a girl in a thousand, and I simply struck up a friendship with her—took her out, and never found anything the least objectionable in her. How'd you find out about it?"

"Never you mind, young man, how I found it out. Things come to my ears in various ways." He took out his very expensive thin watch and looked at it. "I haven't much time to go into this. Dadenhoffer is coming, and I have a directors' meeting in fifteen minutes. But what I want to impress upon you, young fellow, is this: Hereafter don't hire anybody in my office without first asking me. Understand?"

"I hardly think history will repeat itself in this case."

"You've had enough, eh? Well, it's a good lesson for you. See here; I want you to take Dadenhoffer around—show him the city and take him to lunch at the Fitz-Charlton—give him the best. We're on the scent of a million-dollar order from him."

"Sorry, Dad—I'm taking Eileen to the golf tournament."

"Good!!!" exclaimed Westover, his lips widening in a smile. "That shows you haven't altogether taken leave of your senses. Go to it. I'll get someone else to take Dadenhoffer out. And listen here, son; if you should take it into your head to marry this little girl—you have my entire and most unqualified approval. She is a little lady after my own heart. Old Trevillian and I have had this in our heads ever since you were both little tykes." But Ronald was not as blithe as his father.

"Dad," he said, leaning forward in his chair and staring at the rug.

"Yes, son?"

"Did—Madeline leave any word as to where she was going or what she was going to do?"

"Ho—ho? I thought that matter had been settled? She said never a word, sir. Didn't even wait for her pay check, which Miss Gregg was writing up for her. Just walked right out with a great show of pride. Perhaps she thought it safer to retreat quickly before something else came up." Ronald shook his head.

"I can't understand it," he said, as he went back to his office.

(To be continued)

### Irradiation

There are some who advocate long exposure to sunlight as a health measure; others claim that a bad sunburn can cause serious shock to the system—even infection and death. With this, as with everything else, the golden medium is to be sought. A certain amount of exposure to the sun every day is beneficial to everyone, but one can overdo anything. Moderation is to be desired in every issue of life. One doctor warns us to stay out of the hot summer sun from the hours of eleven A. M. to three P. M., especially babies and old people. Even young adults are told to be careful, especially those who have blond hair and blue eyes.

The production of tan is said to be a sign of ex-

posure to the vital rays of the sun, but the same rays that produce sunburn are not the ones which prevent rickets. Rickets is a disease caused by the absence of lime in the bones, causing them to curve, and is often seen in young children; more often than not such children have bowlegs. There is an ultraviolet ray in the sun which causes sunburn, and an ultraviolet ray which prevents rickets, and these two rays or wave lengths are very close together. We receive them both. If we tan from exposure to natural sunlight, we have also received the wave lengths which protect against rickets; and these wave lengths do not pass through glass.

We also have irradiated foods these days. These are for use especially in seasons when there is very little sunshine. Cotton seed oil may be fed to a baby and yet not prevent rickets; but expose the cotton seed oil to ultraviolet rays for a certain length of time, and it is a preventive of rickets. Thus, many foods which have no power to prevent rickets of themselves, may be used as ricket preventers, following exposure to ultraviolet rays. Unless the fodder of the milk herd has had its natural sun bath in the drying process, the milk from that herd will not contain the element that prevents rickets, especially in winter when there is little sunlight.

### *The Summer Hostess*

When the hot days come, one is frequently so fagged and tired with ordinary household routine, that the thought of guests is wearisome. But we would do anything rather than lose our treasured friends, and so we plod on, laboring and wearing ourselves out before the social gathering even starts. There must be flowers in all the vases, the curtains must be fresh and immaculate, the house spotless, the food delicious and abundant. But with a little planning in spring, all this summer fatigue can be avoided. The house should be put in such order, and such methods used, that it will stay put with very little effort until autumn. For instance, starch all curtains, and they will remain clean all summer; if brushed occasionally they will last until Thanksgiving. Scrub all linoleum in spring, varnish it, and wax it once a month. There will be no hard scrubbing every week. All the floors in the house should be waxed; they will need no more attention until fall. An oil mop will take care of the work all summer. Oil the furniture well in spring, and all summer dust it with a cloth which has been sprinkled with oil polish and rolled up for a few days. Stone porches must be kept white; powdered cleansers will not do it without hard scrubbing. Many housewives do not seem to know of the easy work done with the well-known brand of *cake* scourer that they can buy at any store. Simply wet the stone, rub on the cake and wipe off with wrung-out cloth. Even oil stains disappear on steps without much rubbing. (Rub on only a little of the scourer.)

The hard work disposed of, there is the food; let it be simple but inviting. One hot meat and hot vegetable

dish, a salad, a cold drink and dessert is sufficient for the evening meal. Breakfast and lunch should be equally as simple, and when there are guests, plan dishes that give the least work, yet are deliciously inviting. A happy, untired hostess is far pleasanter, with a simple meal, than a heavy, elaborate menu, with the hostess ready for bed before the meal even begins.

### *Picnic Time is Here*

May and June are school picnic time, but as soon as school closes, that is the time for frequent outings for the whole family. And the beauty of a picnic is, at least for Mother, when she doesn't have to go to a lot of elaborate preparations, so that for her it is only extra work, which prevents the carefree enjoyment which ought to be hers. It is up to her to devise quick, easily-prepared picnic menus, so that when Dad gets a sudden notion and says, "What do you say we go on an outing to-day, Mother?" regardless of whether there is anything in the house at the moment in the way of eatables or not, she must be ready on the dot to throw up dull care, and have at her finger tips a few quick plans which can be carried out in no time. It would never do to have her say, "Oh, I'm too tired," or "it's too much work."

For these sudden picnic epidemics, which sprout out in families in the springtime, Mother ought to keep a few things on hand in the pantry—canned beans, soups, meats, fruits, and fish, a jar or two of pickles, onions and relish, a package or two of tin-foil-wrapped cheese in the ice box, mayonnaise, etc. Or take the meat that has been purchased for a roast, cut it up, take along peas, corn, and tomatoes in cans, and an iron kettle, and boil it out somewhere in the country, with plenty of bread, small cakes, or a large cake purchased at a delicatessen or the way, together with any fruits in the house, and canned soup heated and placed in the thermos jug. Another jug of hot coffee will be very welcome, and crackers to go with the soup.

Let the busy mother of a household never say "no" when there is prospect of a picnic; let her gayly enlist the help of all the family, adding to the gayety and enjoyment by her own light-heartedness and readiness for anything, for after the long winter indoors at her confining household tasks, she needs all the fresh picnic air she can breathe.

### *Furnishing the Boy's Room*

When Johnny or Bobbie lay aside the habitual plus-fours and begin definitely to wear "longies," not because it is just a fad, but because they have become "John" and "Bob," and the selection of the proper matching shade of ties and socks has become very important, then it is time to think of fixing up that extra room in the attic, away from his smaller brothers, for his very own. Floors and walls are, of course, the first consideration; if the room is plastered, well and good; if there are as yet only rafters, wall board or celotex will soon fix that up. Perhaps the flooring is

wide planking with great cracks between; narrow pine flooring, ordered from the lumberyard, is easily laid over this, (the opposite way) then stained light or dark oak (light shows the dirt and footsteps less), then varnished with spar and well waxed.

If the walls are plastered and clean, they might remain so until they are soiled; if no longer clean, a wall paper of ships or hunting scenes, or just an inconspicuous gray leaf design is good. If wallboard or celotex, this may be painted, or merely calsomined with one of the good water paints which do not rub off if leaned against. Any pastel shade may be chosen; if the attic is very bright, pale blue is good, making for a very pleasant room, and counteracting the glare of the sun. If the room is dim, because of small windows, a warm buff will introduce sunshine into the dark corners. The cracks between the sheets of wall covering may be paneled with strips of wood stained dark oak. The finished effect is very pleasing indeed.

The floor may have a pretty linoleum rug to match the color scheme of the walls; if varnished with spar at once, and then waxed when dry, the design will remain perfect indefinitely. Of course, it must be waxed about once a month or so, in order to keep it immune from scuffing and wear. Then the furniture; a desk will be necessary, in which to keep paper, envelopes, pencils, and innumerable school accessories. A wide-topped table with a lamp and drawer is necessary if he must draw maps or make mechanical drawings, or water-color sketches. A bookcase for his favorite books, or built-in shelves, are a necessity.

If the windows are casements, curtains shirred at top and bottom are always neat, with a pretty cretonne drape that will not interfere with the opening of the windows. Two or three chairs will be needed, and these, with the desk and table, may be picked up sometimes in good styles in second-hand shops, or purchased unpainted, and the boy will perhaps like to paint them in enamel in some shade contrasting with the floor, walls and ceiling. An armchair or wingchair might thus be picked up and re-covered to match the room. The re-covering is really very simple—merely stretching the material tightly and neatly, and tacking with gimp tacks.

A chest-of-drawers for his shirts, ties, socks and hankerchiefs, and a closet or two under the eaves for his suits and shoes, with a tie rack on the door, and a shelf for hats, completes the ensemble. The walls may have a few prints of birds, horses, dogs, ships, and a large map. A print each of Our Lady and of St. Joseph and of the patron saint would not be out of place either.

### *Thrift*

Causes of the depression are many, but most of us remember the time when tastes were simpler, and everyone was satisfied with less, and perhaps this is one of the reasons why cuts in salary are causing consternation. Years ago, no one thought of wearing silk stockings, except for a very special occasion—a ball or

a wedding. Cotton and lisle was thought quite the thing, and black was the usual color; there was no branching out into various shades and meshes and clockings and like fancies. Underthings were of cotton, cost little and wore well and for long periods. One silk dress was perhaps purchased with great care and deliberation, and that was worn on all gala occasions; cotton and wool was good enough for ordinary wear. To-day—what have we? People are ashamed to be seen with cotton stockings on the street; those who wear cotton underwear are laughed at and called "quaint" and "antique," and silk dresses are numbered in the wardrobe as a matter of fact; a cotton frock is the exception. The same way with furniture; people used to marry, and one set of furniture had to do until they died. Now, the moment a certain style is out of date, it is gotten rid of, and a brand new set installed. If the money is not on hand to buy for cash, it is purchased on time.

There is a true story of a family which bought its own home twenty years ago, yet never paid off a cent beyond paying its interest on the loan. The father made increasingly large wages, the sons grew up and added their quota; every novelty that was placed on the market had to be purchased—clothing, radios, new furniture, automobile, washing machine, every other sort of device that a fancy was taken to. Not a cent was saved from month to month. To-day the father has lost his job, one son is working at just anything he can find at a mere stipend, and the other is working only three days a week. They are on the verge of a foreclosure. Extravagance has been the watchword for years since the war. To-day everybody is retrenching. We are advised against hoarding. It is well to keep some money circulating, but we must learn thrift and frugality—go back to the older, more sensible days, when provision was made for a rainy day in every family, and the familiar home arts were practiced by the women of the house, making for thrift and solidity.

Many a girl marries to-day, and a sewing machine is no part of her furniture, nor does she ever intend to "grub over a lot of stupid sewing." Yet, yard material may be obtained in the most beautiful shades and designs at rock-bottom prices, and a dress, the material of which cost \$1.00 or \$1.25, may be made in a copy of an imported style, and "look like a million dollars." "Yes, but I don't know how to sew," is the objection. Patterns with directions may be purchased and are easy to follow. The girl who never tries never knows just what possibilities are in herself, and the wife who nags instead of doing her part when her husband is laboring under a cut of salary, is disloyal and has a great deal to answer for.

### *Household Hints*

Now is the time to begin to teach the five-year-old who is to start school next September, how to handle his own clothing, especially the buttons and button-holes, as no one knows the burden placed upon the



long-suffering Sister in school by children whose mothers have taught them nothing.

To remove a coffee stain from a large table cloth without laundering the whole thing, stretch material over a bowl and pour scalding water on stain. Repeat until it disappears. For tea, first put on a drop or two of glycerine before pouring on the boiling water.

When hemstitched pillow slips break through the hemstitch, cut hem off all the way, so there will be a picot edge. Then crochet a quick edge on this, or whip on any lace you happen to have lying about.

To make plants and trees vigorous, obtain the patented, odorless, powdered fertilizer obtainable at the stores, dig a ring around the plant, sprinkle in a couple of handfuls, (depending on size of plant or tree) mix with the earth, and close up again.

### Recipes

**INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY PIES:**—Line small individual pie tins with paste, pierce, and place in hot oven a moment to dry. Then take out and fill with following mixture: To each individual pie, allow  $\frac{3}{4}$  small cup of *sweet*, thick condensed milk. While measuring, put two or three drops of vanilla into each  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup and stir well before pouring into pie crust. Then place large, well-washed strawberries, bottom up, next to each other in pies until all space is filled. Bake quickly until crust is nicely browned.

**HOT WEATHER CHOCOLATE:**—Grate a cake of chocolate (unsweetened); add 2 cups sugar and 2 cups water. Boil together until clear and melted. Allow to cool slightly, then pour equal amounts into each glass and fill glasses with milk, beating constantly. Place in refrigerator until needed. A teaspoonful of vanilla makes it more tasty.

### Daisies

EMMA E. TOMLINSON

I plucked you from your field of fun  
Where all the daisies grew,  
To bring you far from wind and sun  
And canopy of blue.

And yet, the hand was not unkind  
That took you from the soil;  
You were such lovely things to find  
Beside the road's turmoil.

And as your beauty called to me,  
Who travelled on the road,  
I thought of that Gethsemane  
Wherein Our Lord abode.

Gethsemane—where rocks were rift  
While gardens smiled around—  
Perhaps—who knows, He paused to lift  
A flower from the ground.

### Vacations and Typhoid

Now is the time to prevent typhoid fever before you start on your vacation trip and come in contact with many different drinking waters and possible typhoid carriers, says the special bulletin for summer vacationists issued by the Publicity Bureau of the Indiana State Medical Association.

Modern scientific medicine has devised a means by which summer vacationists and travelers may feel almost absolutely assured that they will not catch typhoid fever although they come in direct contact with the deadly typhoid germs. This is by taking a series of anti-typhoid inoculations from your family physician.

Uncle Sam would no more send his soldiers into battle without giving them typhoid shots than he would send them into the trenches without rifles and ammunition. Since 1911 typhoid vaccination has been compulsory in the United States army, and as a result typhoid has been practically eliminated.

Figures of the Spanish-American War show that more casualties in the American Army were due to typhoid than to Spanish bullets. In one division alone, 4,442 cases of typhoid occurred from which 248 deaths resulted. In the World War the losses in the American forces due to typhoid fever were reduced to an almost irreducible minimum.

No matter what form your vacation may take, fishing, touring, tramping or camping, it would be well to cast aside all typhoid fever fears before you start by being vaccinated against this germ which still is to be dreaded.

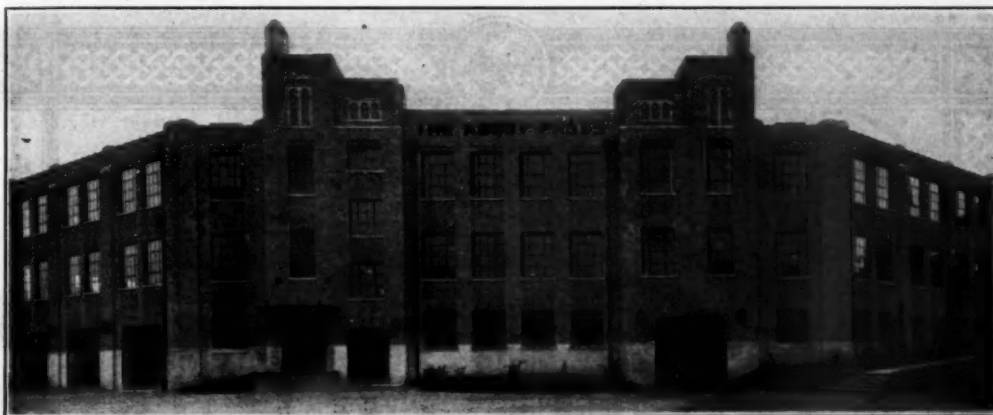
Vacationists, whether or not they are vaccinated against typhoid, should be most careful about the water they drink. All surface waters in lakes, rivers, or clear flowing brooks may be contaminated and water from these sources should always be boiled before drinking.

Although we usually connect typhoid outbreaks with bad water, we must remember that typhoid germs may lurk in milk and infected raw foods such as lettuce. It is safest to boil all suspicious milk and keep all food from infection by flies which may be typhoid carriers. The typhoid fever germ reaches the human body through the mouth.

Although typhoid fever may occur at any time during the year, it is most common in late summer and during the autumn months.

The following simple rules will help to prevent the spread of typhoid:

- (1) Secure water which is safe from human pollution.
- (2) Boil all suspicious water.
- (3) Boil or pasteurize all suspicious milk.
- (4) Take measures to prevent infection of food by flies, which may be typhoid carriers.
- (5) Have your family physician give you a series of anti-typhoid inoculations.



The Abbey Press—The New Home of The Grail



THE PICTURE PRESENTED herewith shows the exterior of THE ABBEY PRESS, the new Home of THE GRAIL. THE GRAIL was established as a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, to encourage vocations to the holy Priesthood, and to help poor, but deserving, boys to attain that end.

The erection of this building has burdened us with a heavy debt. May we not look to at least some of our readers for financial assistance to aid us in liquidating this indebtedness?

Possibly you may have influence with some particular friend in making a substantial donation. Any donation, whether small or large, will be heartily welcomed.

AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION I will make a special memento in the daily Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that Almighty God may grant your wishes. You may send me with your donation your intentions listed on a separate sheet of paper, and they will be included in a special Mass on the feast of Assumption, August 15th. This Mass will be offered up for the purpose of pleading with Almighty God to change the adverse conditions of these days of depression, and for your intentions. Send directly to Fr. Edward, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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*Rev. Rev. Abbot Benedict D.S.D.*  
*Abbot & President*  
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The Harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

St. att. IX. 37.



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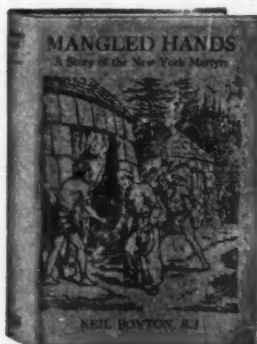
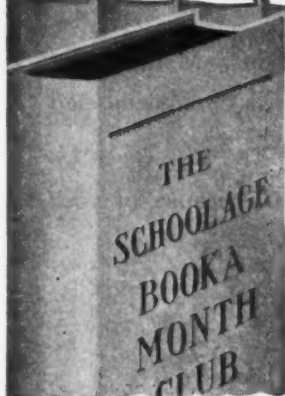
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